

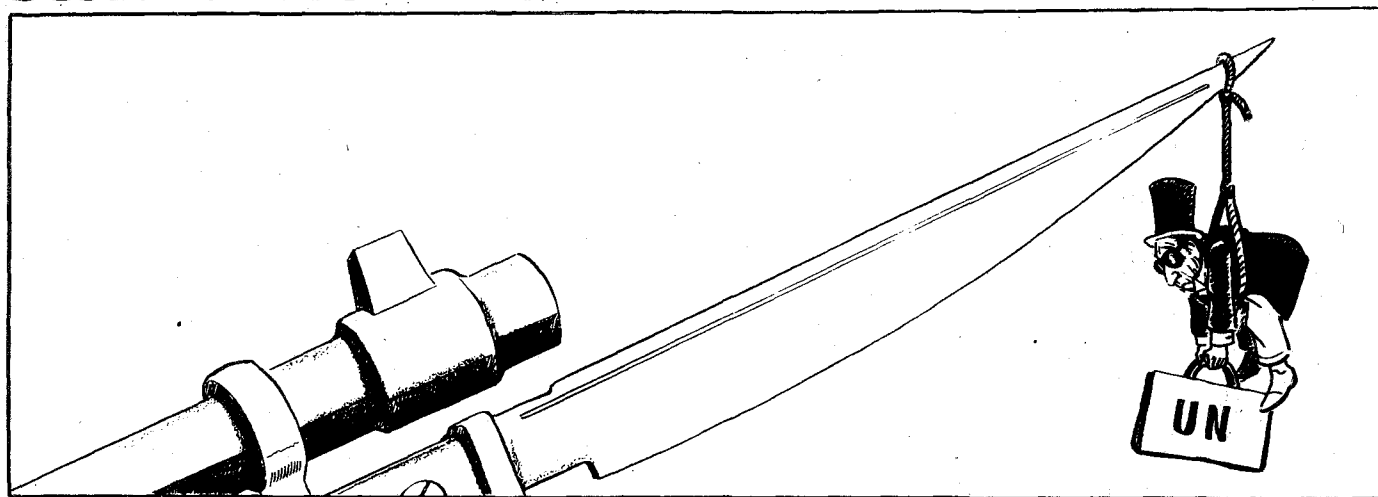
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THE UNITED NATIONS



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

ELDERLY ORPHAN

Shirley Hazzard

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LETTERS

week for Chile

DEAR SIR: A broadly based coalition of groups throughout the United States is sponsoring "A Week of Solidarity with the Popular Forces in Chile" from October 8 through 14. The purpose is to develop educational and other activities around the question of the ending of the popular government in Chile by a rightist military takeover. A special effort will be made to present accurate information about the nature and consequences of the destruction of constitutionalism and social progress in Chile. Facts will be brought to light about the U.S. involvement in the Chilean counterrevolution and of the extent of the bloody repression unleashed by the military in Chile. Actions will be taken to try to counteract the repression and to pressure the U.S. Government into withholding assistance to the ruling junta. The solidarity week will be observed worldwide. Groups wishing to participate in these activities may contact Donald and Marjorie Bray at Ad Hoc Committee for the Chilean Solidarity Week, 715 So. Parkview St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90057.

Donald W. Bray, Professor of Political Science
California State University

foresight

Flushing, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: How prescient, in some ways, was Penny Lernoux, reviewing Alistair Horne's book, *Small Earthquake in Chile* [The Nation, Aug. 27]. She realized that there was going to be a breach of the Constitution, and that the Right would do the breaching. She also foresaw a civil war, but did not understand that imperialism would assure the junta victory by supplying tanks, planes, etc., nor that Chile's economic woes were brought about chiefly by the imperialist powers that denied Allende credits and brought down the price of copper on the international market.

The "free world" once again shows whom it supports when military dictatorships seize power. Leonard Boyer

question of orthodoxy

New York City

DEAR SIR: In the Sept. 24th *Nation*, in your Letters column, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. complains that I distorted his 1967 *Foreign Affairs* article in my review of R. J. Maddox's *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War* in *The Nation* of July 16, and incorrectly attributed the "orthodox" view of the origins of the cold war to him.

It is ironic that I did so after reading Robert J. Maddox's introduction to *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War* in which Maddox wrote that "the orthodox explanation of how the cold war began has been stated most succinctly by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.: it was 'the brave and essential response of free men to Communist aggression' at the close of World War II." The rest of Maddox's paragraph, which sums up arguments used by Schlesinger in his article makes it clear that Maddox views him as a historian in the "orthodox" camp.

Schlesinger has endorsed Maddox's book as a "meticulous examination of the cold war controversy." It is anything but that, as my review indicated, but Maddox is correct to place Schlesinger in the orthodox group. The main point of his 1967 piece was that a more flexible approach toward Russia—such as granting it credits in 1946—would not have made any difference, because of "the intransigence of Leninist ideology, the sinister dynamics of a totalitarian society and the madness of Stalin."

The real question is why Mr. Schlesinger has failed to take up the specific points made by various reviewers who have all pointed to Maddox's blatant distortions of the views of revisionist (i.e., "New Left") historians. One cannot but wonder whether Mr. Schlesinger has endorsed Maddox in order to rescue the bankruptcy of his own interpretation of the cold war. . . .

Ronald Radosh

EDITORIALS

The Big Trophy

So Vice President Agnew was Henry Petersen's "big trophy" after all. So all that huffing and puffing about "leaks" was purely diversionary; in fact the leaks may well have come from Agnew's office. All that brash rhetoric, adorned with alliterative phrases that glittered like Safires, must now and forever have a hollow and ludicrous ring to them. What ignominy to resign after boldly announcing—and repeating for emphasis—that he would not resign if indicted, and then to cop a plea after those indignant words about plea bargaining!

It was announced in the Baltimore court on Wednesday that newsmen need not appear to answer the subpoenas issued under Judge Hoffman's unprecedented order giving Agnew's attorneys the right to dig for "leaks." Presumably, the subpoenas have by now been quashed, but Judge Hoffman still owes the newsmen an apology and the public an explanation. Of course, there is a certain irony in the fact that Mr. Agnew was unhorsed by the IRS. For if the IRS could only muster the courage to audit the President's returns from 1968 to the present, it might be found that he too owes the government unpaid taxes.

The astonishing denouement in Baltimore confirms, in full measure, Milton Viorst's reading (p. 398 this issue) of the strange change that took place in the Nixon-Agnew relationship over the last year or so. When did the President first learn of Agnew's deep involvement? Melvin Laird, it will be recalled, warned Republican leaders not to get too far out on the limb in their defense of Agnew. And just what was the message that those two Department of Justice officials took to Phoenix for the enlightenment of Senator Goldwater? No doubt the Middle East crisis has a bearing on Agnew's sudden resignation. In a crisis of this magnitude the President, if he knew how strong the case against Agnew was, would not want an Agnew indictment in the headlines at a time when he might sorely need maximum public support, the more so as his own standing in the eyes of the public is still precarious. And Agnew, after exhaustive cogitation, may well have concluded that the time had come to get out with whatever perquisites he has been able to salvage.

If it were not an integral part of the worst political scandal in our history which has now coalesced with a major international crisis, Agnew's stepping down would be almost pure black humor. But it is not surprising that he should have failed to pay income taxes, not at least to those who have read Joseph Albright's fine political portrait *What Makes Spiro Run?* (1972). What a cruel comedown, however, for a proud and arrogant apostle of law and order who once denounced student protesters as "garbage." His is not a rags-to-riches story but a fable about a mediocrity who made it big, who became a political celebrity for reasons that had nothing much to do with character or capacity. He was tapped for the Vice Presidency for reasons of purest political expediency; indeed Nixon can only blame himself for whatever embarrassment Agnew has caused him. It may be assumed that we have not heard the end of the Nixon-Agnew story; perhaps the former Vice President will, at some more tranquil time,

enlighten us. In the meantime he will no doubt hie himself off to Frank Sinatra's Palm Springs compound where the sun is warm and security against the press is airtight. Agnew may have thought, once notified of the grand jury investigation, that he might be left twisting slowly in the wind but, like L. Patrick Gray, the cord by which he was hanging was suddenly severed and he plunged into the limbo reserved for politicians who had it made for a time, and then lost it.

The President, responsible for Agnew's rise and fall, was all shook up by Agnew's resignation. The Vice President's departure has left him with a sense of "deep personal loss." So farewell to you, Spiro; you will be remembered as the flashiest dresser to serve as Vice President since Lyndon Johnson.

The President *should* feel a "deep personal loss"; after all, Agnew has served him loyally and well, first as the hatchet man assigned to work over the media and also as emissary of the political Right. More recently Agnew's legal difficulties, cleverly exploited by the White House, provided the President with a little surcease from his own troubles. Now Agnew's resignation will give Mr. Nixon an opportunity to play politics with the Vice Presidency. He has a chance to redress the mistake he made in selecting Spiro by naming a man known to the people to be worthy of the office. But if he names John Connally, then the Democrats should muster whatever reserves of courage they possess and say "no," not now or ever. Nelson Rockefeller would probably be more acceptable to the Democrats even if he decided to run in 1976, for he would be defeatable for age and other reasons. But with Agnew out, the spotlight centers exclusively on the President. Were it not for the Middle East crisis, he would be left there all alone, twisting slowly.

Years ago George Jean Nathan said of a certain play that it was so bad that there was simply nothing to be said about it. Then, after a moment's reflection, he decided there was something that could be said about it, in one word, "Godalmighty!" That might be said of the incredible antics of Richard M. Nixon and his lackeys in the White House.

The Twenty-Five-Year War

The latest eruption of violence in the Middle East, initiated by Egypt and Syria, has been promptly dubbed the Yom Kippur War—to distinguish it, presumably, from the Six Day War. But it is merely the fourth round in a war that has raged intermittently for the last quarter century. The fighting has gone on so long that responses to the latest outburst have been almost reflexive. Delegates at the U.N. are girding for twenty-one day and night sessions of the Security Council over a period of as many days, as happened with round three. At this writing, neither combatant wants the U.N. to take action just yet. Each wants to see how much territory it can grab, and hold, before the other shows some willingness to accept a cease-fire. Meanwhile, representatives of the big powers at the U.N. are described as tense observers waiting for the opposed armies "to fight themselves out." The war has been waged in this way since it began; it is war on the installment plan. Because the latest action

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seems to be unfolding in a familiar pattern, the mood at the Security Council is said to be one of "restrained non-urgency" (Michael J. Berlin, *New York Post*, October 9).

But while the war is the same, each installment of fighting has been more violent than the one that preceded it. The fourth round will not be another "six day war." The fighting has escalated to a new level of violence. More troops, planes, missiles and tanks, are involved; the scope of the action is broader. Damascus has been bombed. Missiles have crashed in Israeli territory. The Egyptians have penetrated 10 miles or more in the southern Sinai, troops are pouring across the canal and their morale is reported to be excellent. The Syrian offensive has been stalled in the north but savage fighting continues. Both in the Sinai and in Syria, Egyptian-Syrian troops are making a much better showing than in the past. The Iraqis have announced that they intend to throw their 244 combat aircraft into the battle and Hussein has called up reserves in response to Arab pressure. The Jordanian Army is perhaps the best in the Arab world. Obviously the situation is ominous. It is nonsense to say that the United States and Russia are not directly involved. This country's commitment to Israel is not a paper commitment; it rests on the facts of political life. As sponsors, we are largely responsible for the existence of a sovereign state of Israel. With the Russians, it is a question of how deeply they are or may become involved; their direct interest is obvious. The so-called détente is no assurance that a major confrontation between the two great powers will not occur. The level of fighting already threatens the détente and heavier strains are foreseeable. Neither great power can fully control the course of events and hence cannot avoid direct involvement under all circumstances.

Each round of the fighting has probably taught some lessons to both sides—their rhetoric now is more restrained, their mood more somber—and as they fight on they may show a greater willingness to compromise. But since each outbreak is more deadly than its predecessor, it would be folly to let this process of education-by-disaster continue. For a quarter century each round has merely set the stage for the next and when the guns have been silent, world opinion has slept. Back in April, Sadat warned of "the resumption of the battle which is now inevitable. Everyone has fallen asleep over the Middle East crisis. . . . The time has come for a shock" (*Newsweek*, October 14). That is what happens in the course of a long war, when each of its battles is characterized as a separate war and the intervals between battles are thought of as "peace." Ambrose Bierce once defined "peace" as "a period of cheating between two periods of fighting"; that is the kind of "peace" that has recurred at intervals in the Middle East.

So the mood of "restrained non-urgency" at the U.N. should be quickly dispelled. This war has been a constant threat to world peace since it began and the savage current action merely underscores the danger. At some point this disastrous alternation of fighting and resting must be stopped or the great powers will eventually be drawn in. The Middle East is not remote or peripheral; it is a cockpit of history. The place smells of oil and the price has jumped as demands have soared. This is

no time, as Ambassador Scali has said, to engage in "a war of words"; there is indeed more than enough blame to go around. And of course it is difficult, as he also said, to separate "proximate from underlying causes," but the effort must be made. The world community cannot, at its peril, permit this round to end without a political settlement, or at least the initiation of serious negotiations to that end. The parties must disenthrall themselves. They must acknowledge the existence of new realities. History cannot be forgotten, but it need not make captives of those who have lived it. Nor need it repeat itself; the traps of the past can be avoided. Pressure of world opinion must bring the parties to serious direct negotiations within a framework of security which the great powers can provide through the U.N. if they will. And new forms, new relationships, new arrangements must be explored; political invention did not end with the nation-state as we know it. Federated states, binational entities, interim U.N.-sponsored agencies can be created so that the occupied areas—which both sides, and Israeli in particular, regard as vital to their security—can become buffer zones. Means must be found by which all parties, including the Palestinians, can participate in the administration of those territories. It is folly to think that peace can be achieved by permitting one side to exclude the other from territory to which both have valid claims. There can be no military solution to this war; it must be settled by political means. And soon.

United Nations Day

Every year as October 24 rolls around editorial writers join in a chant which goes like this: if the U.N. did not exist it would have to be invented; it may not be able to keep the peace but it provides a forum which permits belligerents to sound off; the Charter embodies our highest ideals but should be reformed if only the great powers could agree; the specialized agencies carry on important activities and the flow of splendid studies and reports continues. There is nothing wrong with this perfectly accurate recital, but it does little to help the U.N.; in fact it may have the opposite effect, since it diverts attention from realities that should be faced. This year the annual ritual may be suspended, not merely because of the crisis in the Middle East but because the crisis of the U.N. has become acute. *The New York Times* (September 10) cites Gallup surveys showing a sharp drop in popular support for the organization over the last twelve years. This attitude reflects not so much an informed judgment as the fact that successive administrations in Washington have chosen to by-pass the U.N. and by so doing have made it clear that it is no longer the cornerstone of U.S. policy.

Against this background of eroding public support, Henry Kissinger's debut at the U.N. was disappointing. He said some good things and made a couple of sound proposals. But something more was needed. The U.N. approaches a universal representation which it has lacked. China is now an active member. The two Germanys have been admitted; if they can tolerate each other, so can the two Koreas, as Mr. Kissinger proposed. Vietnam presents a special problem, but a formula will doubtless

be found whereby the peoples of Indochina can be represented. The global dimension of so many acute problems gives renewed emphasis to the necessity of world action aimed at their mitigation. The emergence of a world economy more interrelated than in the past should underscore the same consideration. Genuine public concern should replace pious affirmations and annual ritualistic exhortations. U.S. policy should be affirmatively based on the need for strengthening the U.N. A better opportunity than the rekindled war in the Middle East for such a new emphasis in U.S. policy is not likely to occur. The alternative, next year and the next and the next, as the "elderly orphan" grows older and feebler, is a rehash of dejected optimism or reluctant approval "in principle" of ideas which deserve to be regarded as practical, vital and inescapable. Shirley Hazzard's article in this issue (p. 391) provides a timely corrective to the annual repetition of cheerful sentiment unaccompanied by intelligent criticism and genuine concern.

Six Reasons

One may not agree with the resolution unanimously adopted by the National Executive Board of the American Civil Liberties Union on October 4, calling on Congress to initiate impeachment proceedings against President Nixon, or concur in all the six reasons cited for it, but the action was courageous and timely. The resolution is the first action of its kind by an organization with the status and prestige of the ACLU, which has an influential national membership of 200,000. Initiative for the resolution came—not surprisingly—from the Southern California chapter, its second largest affiliate, which in 1971 had called for the impeachment of Nixon because of his continued efforts to wage war illegally in Indochina. Sixty-five of the eighty-five-member board of directors attended the meeting and adopted the resolution by a vote that some reports say was "unanimous" and others "virtually unanimous." The resolution's six reasons for impeachment are all related to civil liberties, including violations of the right of dissent; usurpation of Congressional war-making powers; establishment of a personal secret police which attempted interference in the trial of Daniel Ellsberg; distortion of the system of justice and perversion of other federal agencies. One valuable aspect of the resolution is that it bases the case for impeachment not alone on the President's refusal to deliver the tapes but on broader and more substantial grounds. Although it was given out at simultaneous press conferences in Los Angeles, New York, Chicago and San Francisco, press coverage was spotty and the resolution did not receive the attention it deserves.

Until recently, the public has been reluctant to think seriously about impeachment, but opinion has been shifting. By 51-to-34 per cent, according to the latest Harris poll, a majority now feels that Congress would be justified in bringing impeachment proceedings if the President failed to deliver the tapes. "The public," reports Mr. Harris, "previously reluctant to contemplate impeachment of the President, now is actively considering this a real prospect." The same poll indicates that, by a 50-to-39 per cent margin, the public feels the President

should resign if it can be established that he knew about White House involvement in Watergate. What this poll and the ACLU action indicate is that Watergate is not receding as Nixon had hoped it would. This trend may now be arrested, at least for the time being, by the latest crisis in the Middle East, and the President's crisis may be protracted. But by taking a forthright position and citing the specific reasons for it, the ACLU has challenged other organizations, the Congress, press and public to face the issue that all would like to avoid.

Memo to Charles Alan Wright

When it was first announced that President Nixon had selected Charles Alan Wright as chief defense counsel the editors of *The Nation* were somewhat surprised. Historical, political and journalistic amnesia is all too common nowadays, so it is perhaps not remarkable that press and public seem to have forgotten Mr. Wright's interesting views on the trial of Alger Hiss. Well known for his conservative political convictions, Wright attended most of the second Hiss trial and commented on it for the *Minnesota Law Review* and other publications. He also reviewed *Witness* by Whittaker Chambers when it was first published (*Saturday Review*, May 24, 1952). In that review he stated some interesting conclusions, the chief of which was that Hiss was innocent. "And I am sure," he added, "that if the verdict was right and he is guilty, it is the purest chance that the jury guessed the correct answer." Here are some additional observations:

After reading this book I am convinced that Mr. Chambers is the author of one of the longest works of fiction of the year. The tip-off about the book is that it is too persuasive—on close examination it becomes obvious that the author is not a detached teller of truth but rather a pitchman seeking to put across a bill of goods. . . . It is a too-well-scrubbed Chambers who is depicted here. Many of the lies, eccentricities and immoralities in his past are forgotten, which hardly fits in with the air of complete candor the book tries so hard to convey. At the same time his "enemies"—i.e., anyone who doesn't believe his story—are pictured as either snobs or Communists. . . . Another giveaway about this book is that Chambers, like the queen in Hamlet's play, protests his innocence too much. In doing so he displays a remarkable attitude toward evidence. . . . Whittaker Chambers does give in this book a very moving and heartening account of his return to religion, and of the comfort he has found in his new faith. Perhaps, then, he will not take amiss the suggestion that he would do well to study the Ninth Commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness."

For further evidence of Mr. Wright's views on the Hiss case, see his review of Earl Jowitt's *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* (*The Nation*, July 18, 1953).

In view of this record one might infer that President Nixon was not familiar with Mr. Wright's interest in the Hiss case and that his selection as chief defense counsel may reflect careless staff work. But that cannot be so, for the issue of *Saturday Review* that contained Mr. Wright's review of the Chambers book also carried an ecstatic comment about Chambers by Richard M. Nixon, a comment that cannot possibly be reconciled with Mr.

Wright's shrewd assessment of Chambers as a "pitchman."

Is it too much to hope that before Mr. Wright exits as the President's defense counsel, he will sit down with his client and discuss the case of Alger Hiss in which both men have such a deep and long-standing interest? Perhaps if they did, Mr. Wright might convince the President that he too had been something of a "pitchman" in the persecution of Hiss and that he should, in fairness, now instruct the Attorney General to order the director of the FBI to make its complete file on the Hiss case available for study by scholars and newsmen with a legitimate interest in inspecting it. Dr. Allen Weinstein of Smith College is plaintiff in a pending court action brought on his behalf and that of other scholars by the American Civil Liberties Union to force release of the FBI file. It may be assumed that the President's views on pretrial publicity and "trial by exposure" have undergone a considerable change since the two trials of Alger Hiss. As for Mr. Wright, he must recognize that as a matter of fairness and in the hope of redressing a miscarriage of justice even at this late date, the file should be released.

Against Peonage

Increasingly, stockholder groups in this country have been petitioning to enjoin corporations in which they hold interests from engaging in practices which they interpret as being socially or politically undesirable. Some of these actions have stimulated a degree of publicity, but they have had little effect on the operations of the companies cited, since the law and the courts take a narrow view of stockholder grievances. Briefly, unless the complainant can show financial damage, he has no ground for objecting to corporate policy.

Against this background, a suit of national importance is now being pressed in the Superior Court of California by stockholders of American Metal Climax, Inc. (Amax). From a human point of view, it is interesting that the complainants in this suit are all descendants, or spouses of descendants, of Max Schott, founder of Climax Molybdenum Co., which in 1957 merged with American Metal Co. to become American Metal Climax. What makes the suit significant, however, is the formidable case the group has drawn up against the corporation.

Amax, through its 29 per cent ownership of Tsumeb Corp., is engaged in exploiting the copper resources of Namibia (in this enterprise, it acts in concert with Newmont Mining Corp., which owns another 29 per cent of Tsumeb). Before World War I, Namibia was the German colony of South West Africa. In 1920, the area was placed under the League of Nations Mandate system and the mandate was conferred on Great Britain, to be administered by South Africa. When the United Nations was formed, it assumed the mandate responsibilities of the League and in 1966 the General Assembly, by a vote of 114 to 2 (South Africa and Portugal voting no), terminated the mandate for South Africa and itself assumed that trust. The reason for this action, of course, was that South Africa, by applying its apartheid policy to Namibia, was not honoring the League covenant that "the Mandatory shall promote to the utmost the moral well-being and social progress of the inhabitants of the

territory." South Africa, however, has defied the U.N., refusing to recognize it as a successor to the League; it has virtually incorporated Namibia into its own territory.

In 1970 the United States Ambassador to the U.N. stated that henceforth it would be his country's policy to discourage investments by its nationals in Namibia, and to that end announced that Export-Import Bank credit guarantees would not be made available for trade with Namibia and that U.S. nationals who invest there on the basis of rights acquired through the South African Government since the General Assembly Resolution of 1966, will receive no U.S. Government assistance in protection of such investments against claims of any future lawful government of Namibia. In 1971, the International Court of Justice handed down an advisory opinion that South Africa's presence in Namibia was illegal and that member nations of the U.N. are obliged to recognize that illegality.

Meanwhile, Amax, through Tsumeb, continues to pay South Africa taxes on its exceedingly profitable operation in Namibia, and refuses to pay those taxes to the U.N.'s Council for Namibia. Accordingly, the shareholders' suit charges the directors of the corporation with having "illegally wasted, dissipated and impaired the value of Amax's investment . . . by causing and permitting Tsumeb to pay patently illegal taxes . . .," and of having "willfully subjected . . . the assets and property of Amax to future penalties, fines, expropriation or nationalization without compensation by the legally constituted authorities of Namibia." They charge further that the value of Amax shares has been depressed by the growing unwillingness of concerned groups to invest in the company. They are suing for a sum "in excess of \$1 million," and to enjoin the defendants from paying further taxes to South Africa.

The motive of these complainants, as they make abundantly clear, is not fear for their pocketbooks—for one thing, Amax's investment in Namibia is only a small part of its worldwide interests. What alarms and pains them is that a company in which they have a substantial and long interest should be profiting from the abominable conditions imposed on workers by the policies of apartheid. However, putting the moral issue aside, they would seem to have a strong case for asserting that their company is behaving recklessly by its continued activity in Namibia. Indignation among the member nations of the U.N. against South Africa's defiance of the world body's order that it quit the mandate is steadily growing, and within Namibia itself resistance to the present arrangements is expressing itself. In December 1971, and January 1972, 15,000 workers went on strike in Namibia, and wrested from their employers, including Tsumeb, certain concessions, the most important of which were the limitation of the term of contract to six months and the agreement that, if the contract was breached, the employer would not invoke criminal sanctions against the worker. However, the system of peonage which permits such sanctions is still the law in South Africa, the Namibian miners are still separated from their families for the duration of the contract and the wage levels are still intolerably low. (Tsumeb's total payroll for its native workers is half its tax bill from South Africa.)

Moreover, the present mining activities in Namibia

present a direct threat to the rising aspirations for independence in that land. The mineral deposits are rich, and are making the foreign investors (and the South African treasury) very rich indeed. But they are also limited; a spokesman for Amax told representatives of the disaffected stockholders that the company expects the ore to be exhausted in twelve to fifteen years. That time range holds for virtually all the mining now in progress in Namibia, which means that the main source of the yet-to-be-born nation's wealth is being siphoned off for the benefit of absentee owners operating under the protec-

tion of an absentee, and illegal, government. Under such conditions the existing move for self-government will grow more pressing most rapidly, and when sovereignty is gained, expropriation of what mineral resources remain is virtually inevitable. A stockholder in Amax, however callous to the sufferings of those who coin his wealth, might be troubled by the myopia of his company's directors. That, as said, is not the issue for the complainants in this suit, but it is fortunate that they have so clear a case of corporate greed riding for a fall to present before the Superior Court of California.

The United Nations: Elderly Orphan

SHIRLEY HAZZARD

"I believed then," John Maynard Keynes wrote in 1929, of the formation of the League of Nations exactly ten years earlier, "and I believe now, that it was a situation where an investment in political courage would have been marvelously repaid in the end." There was no such investment. As the postwar powers intended in 1919, and as Keynes himself had predicted at the time, the League became "a body merely for wasting time . . . an unwieldy polyglot debating society." Extinguished in all but name by the Second World War, it resurfaced in 1945 as the United Nations, with analogous defects again implanted by its sponsoring governments: "A moderate parody of the League," as Sir Alexander Cadogan confided to his diary, "with all the failings and no advantages, that I can see."

The extent to which public trust was thus betrayed has been little considered. Officialdom, unable to conceive, except in after-dinner speeches, of any coincidence between public will and national policy, has consistently taken the view that both the League and the United Nations were the initiative of politicians, unrelated to public desire and imposed by governments on apathetic peoples still locked in rigid traditions of nationalism. Thus, in a recent issue of *The Observer*, the public information director of the International Bank sums up:

The U.N. was not conceived by the peoples of the world and is not answerable to them. It was conceived by . . . governments, many of them—such as Stalin's—pretty far from representing their people.

So much for the opening words of the United Nations Charter: "We the Peoples"—not "We the governments" or "We the civil servants"—and the subsequent reference to "our respective governments." So much for the Albert Hall rallies that urged the League's creation, and the *New York Post* exulting in 1945 that the San Francisco Conference was "the most important human gathering

since The Last Supper." So much for the individual and group action that formulated, during the First World War, the concept and principles of international peace-keeping while, as Wheeler-Bennett and Nicholls point out in *The Semblance of Peace*, "in governmental circles there was little activity until 1918." But, while it is evident from their very impotence that the forms and procedures established by governments for the United Nations were remote from public influence, it is inconceivable that so novel, comprehensive and hugely publicized an undertaking as a world organization could have got under way without the impetus of public approval, or could have been other than an expression of irrepressible public will and human apprehension.

Both of the powerless incarnations of internationalism were in fact short-sighted official devices to appease and short-circuit an evolving public pressure for treating on a global scale ills that were increasingly global. "One suspects now," Senator Fulbright wrote in 1972, "that, like the League of Nations before it, the United Nations was orphaned at birth."

Despite their disclaimers of the public role, United Nations circles have continually found it necessary to assert that mankind—in Mr. Waldheim's words—expected too much of the United Nations at the beginning. The public, however "unrealistic," was in truth only taking its leaders' solemn pronouncements seriously when in 1945 it placed its brief hopes in the United Nations Organization. Vastly more advantage might have been taken of the interest implicit in those uneducated "illusions" than was ever attempted by governments or U.N. officials; and the mere necessity of having for decades to depreciate them as exaggerated suggests the original degree of public involvement. Today, certainly, excessive public confidence in its potential is not one of the organization's problems.

While it is indisputable that Stalin's role in formulating the United Nations was "pretty far from representing his people," the U.N. concept as officially proclaimed was not. We know that even under Stalin's heel, in conditions where information and discussion were brutally restricted, there were high expectations for the new institution: "A quarter of a century ago, amidst the great hopes

Shirley Hazzard, novelist, worked for ten years at the United Nations and is the author of *Defeat of an Ideal*, a recently published study of the United Nations experience.

of all mankind, the United Nations Organization was born," Solzhenitsyn reminds us in his Nobel address: "Alas, in an immoral world, it too grew up immoral." Solzhenitsyn doubtless reveals the deficient grasp of reality deplored by U.N. leaders, but he has touched the heart of the matter: that an immense volume of public concern, interest and good will, extending even into postwar Russia, was cast away at the outset; and that the organization had originally carried, in however uninstructed and naive a form, "the great hopes of all mankind" or a very large portion of it.

The initiative, influence and support—and thus the responsibility—of the United States in shaping the infant United Nations outweighed even the collective role of the fifty other original member states. Little in the way of international conciliation was expected, or received, from Stalin's representatives. A sequence of economic and political emergencies in the United Kingdom, France and Nationalist China cast these postwar powers virtually as American satellites. Leadership of every kind—moral, practical, procedural, financial—devolved on America, together with a second chance for "an investment in political courage that would have been marvelously repaid in the end." But long-term political investments were no more in favor in 1945 than they had been in 1919. The U.S. Government took what it doubtless persuaded itself was the short cut to an "internationalism" which it conceived of as being at best a form of benign unilateralism through which American policies might operate, unobstructed, to universal advantage.

We have learned more, since that time, of this theory of the short cut—the short cut to peace through war, to security through deceit, to justice through lawlessness, to understanding a man by spying upon him. The short cut to world order was the manipulation or circumvention of the U.N., effected through political and material pressures that were both openly and covertly applied.

Dean Acheson, assigned to lobby for Congressional approval of the United Nations Charter, subsequently recalled: "I did my duty faithfully and successfully, but always believed the Charter was impractical." With what fidelity or success one can execute a task in which one has no credence is open to debate: Acheson was later to characterize the U.N. as "bunk." His most recent biographer, Gaddis Smith, records that "Acheson delighted in criticism of the United Nations" and that he was "apathetic toward the idea of world organization and strongly hostile to what he saw as a naive faith on the part of the American people in such an organization. . . . As he grew older this critical attitude hardened into an obsession."

It was under Acheson's direction, also, that the State Department fatally compromised the nucleus of professional internationalism in the U.N. Secretariat, by conspiring with the first Secretary-General, Trygve Lie, to place the majority of Secretariat staff secretly under the surveillance of the U.S. Government and make them subject to dismissal or retention according to State Department desires. Resistance to this conspiracy by a courageous segment of the staff was crushed by Lie and his deputies in a wave of terminations and reprisals. The provisions of the illicit 1949 agreement between Lie and

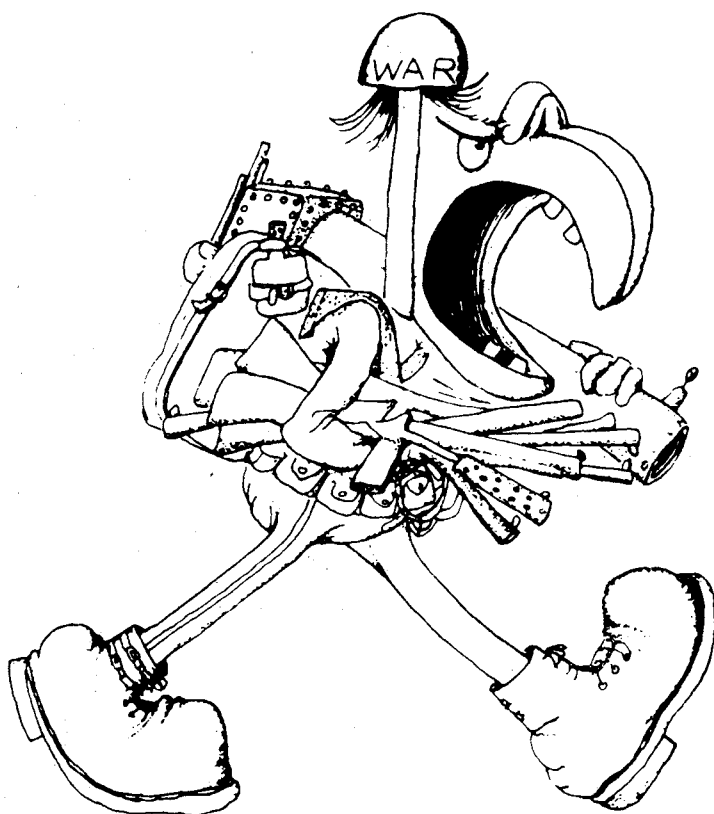
the State Department were elevated to public practice on the high tide of McCarthyism, and have remained there since. In accordance with the arrangements inaugurated by Lie, and concluded by Hammarskjöld in 1953, American applicants are subjected to exhaustive and intrusive tests for national orthodoxy by U.S. agencies before they may be considered for U.N. positions. It is a condition analogous to that adopted from the first, in violation of the Charter, by totalitarian states, and greatly magnified in significance because it comes from the organization's democratic leadership and because the United States provides the preponderance of U.N. headquarters' staff.

It took, of course, two to tango. Brian Urquhart, in his study of Hammarskjöld's secretary-generalship, has briefly mentioned Trygve Lie's "supine acceptance of U.S. procedures." While even belated criticism of Lie from official circles is to be welcomed, the role of the first Secretary-General in the destruction of the international civil service was by no means passive. As pointed out in a legal action brought against him in 1953, "the Secretary-General of the United Nations not only has been subject to these effective pressures, but indeed has initiated, cultivated, and sought them out." Passivity would more accurately describe the attitude of officials surrounding Lie who remained, throughout the years of this formative crisis, irredeemably horizontal.

If the enfeebling of the U.N. Secretariat was no more than a symptom of national intentions to make the organization the creature of governments, it was—as *The Nation*, among other journals, perceived at the time—an acute one. It was, moreover, a tacit admission that an incipient or potential expression of political objectivity must first be incapacitated before those intentions could be—as they speedily were—fulfilled. If governments should forget, nowadays, even for a moment, that the U.N. is the mere repository of national caprices, Secretariat spokesmen are there to remind them with a chorus of assertions that the organization is the sum of its members' demands, and nothing more.

The culmination of reason, necessity and fear that twice in this century attempted to manifest itself in an enterprise of supranational authority, and was twice betrayed, did not, however, subside with hopes for the United Nations. The very universality of contemporary alarms has nurtured an instinctive, as yet largely formless, need on the part of humanity to adapt its institutions toward its own salvation.

The energies needed to realize such a new concept as world authority were generated only in the raw experience of universal catastrophe, and only briefly. But the irresistible forces—social, economic and Malthusian—that were thus denied a rational outlet by-passed the U.N. travesty and expressed themselves in other forms: in multinational corporations whose immense power, undisciplined by public awareness, is scarcely distinguishable from and often supplants the processes of government itself; in regional accommodations such as the European Economic Community; in a multiplicity of regional and interbloc negotiations from which the U.N. is almost invariably excluded. Alongside a related reversion, within communities, to ethnic and almost tribal antagonisms, there



Gonzalo Angarita (Bogotá)

has burgeoned the disaffection of the young from traditions of family, society and national pride. Environmental disturbance overflows national boundaries, as do its origins—the population explosion, the pollution of air and water, the depletion of natural resources. Nationalism is not yet a broken reed, but it has—compared to other growths—become a reed; and a great tide of circumstance is driving us to a global concept of existence and survival.

It is only at the U.N., ironically enough, that the holy relic of nationalism continues to be venerated as if we were still living in 1945 rather than 1984: the talisman of national sovereignty, ever brandished at us as the insuperable obstacle to effective world government, now seems to retain its magic properties mainly in the forum of the world organization. It is at the U.N. that governments compensate, with a show of nationalism, for the concessions they make to interdependence in other spheres of their operations; and the better impulses of the more responsible member states are actually constrained there within the lowest common denominator.

Whenever there have been stirrings in the public breast toward a replacement, or serious revision, of the U.N. apparatus that would align it with contemporary and impending realities, they have been stifled by the exhortations addressed to us now for generations from U.N. circles: that the public must lower its expectations still further, that criticism would be damaging, that evidence must be withheld so that the present “embryonic” organization may fulfill its destiny in some distant era—having slept, like Rip Van Winkle, through the intervening vicissitudes. While it would be difficult to cite an example of a public institution that had corrected its own deficiencies

while being deprived of public comment, the audience best qualified to weigh such arguments will not be found at United Nations receptions or New York dinner tables but in Vietnam or Cambodia, Burundi or Biafra, in Saigon prisons or Russian prison camps; it would include those Soviet dissidents who demonstrated in favor of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and received no acknowledgment of their appeal to the United Nations Secretary-General. U.N. officials should expound no position to their immediate hearers that they would not be willing to advocate to the most afflicted members of humanity.

The embryo of international accord is in fact more than fifty years old: I submit that this is an unusually protracted term of gestation, and that world authority should now be born. In far less time than it has taken the U.N. to consider—inconclusively—the definition of the word “aggression,” the British Empire has been dissolved, the Roman Catholic Church convulsed, space travel and computerization introduced, abortion legalized, and the worship of technology transformed into the ecological consciousness. An entire generation has grown up for whom the U.N. is not a “new” idea in a state of growth but a place of arrested development, part of the exhausted and discredited political establishment of the past: this is the most globally minded generation ever to have existed on earth, and it will presumably dictate its own terms for survival.

If I were to summarize the negativism of the present United Nations in a single word it would not be “embryonic” but “elderly.” By deliberate exclusion of the young, or even the youthful, from any voice in its policies and councils the organization has virtually set a date on its own demise. By evading their opportunities for moral

leadership, its spokesmen—with the exception of Hammarskjöld—have forfeited even their place in the world's imagination. "The United Nations deals in the realm of what is possible, not of what is right or wrong," we are informed in a recent Secretariat publication. And perhaps this Ehrlichmanism—which totally contradicts the moral obligations laid upon the United Nations by its Charter and Declaration of Human Rights—does give insight into an Orwellian U.N. view of "the possible" as a finite entity without ethical content, designated by bureaucrats and not susceptible of expansion through the moral conviction of human beings. If the public continues to allow this sort of specious rubbish to be imposed upon it as "peacekeeping," it will presumably deserve the world of wars and persecutions it has been getting. If the nations, in extremity, are ever to seek forms of world order, they will turn to an institution of self-proclaimed limitations.

Public disbelief and public indulgence are at the root of the ineffectuality of the U.N. Public agitation is the key to its reform. With the best will in the world, as the ominous saying goes, supporters of the U.N. concept have made themselves unwitting accomplices of the very nationalism they sought to temper, shielding the organization from nourishing criticism, not wishing to learn of its weaknesses themselves and seeking to conceal them from the world at large. Well wishers of internationalism came to feel, no doubt unconsciously, that if this version of their hopes were dissolved it might neither be missed nor replaced: hence, in part, their insistence not only on the Emperor's Clothes but on his underclothes as well.

We are continually invited to extol U.N. achievements. It is certainly not contended here that the United Nations has never done anything useful; no such claim could be made by, or conceivably gratify, any reasonable being. Over a period of nearly thirty years the United Nations system has employed tens of thousands of persons at a cost of tens of millions of dollars, and it would be remarkable indeed if this experience had produced no demonstrable results. What has been attained, however, is pitifully small, considering the possibilities offered and the sums and exercises involved; and the organization's lines of public association have been ever more attenuated, its very humanity consumed in ritual absurdities and in an administrative pattern that makes Parkinson's Law look like jurisprudence.

Only questions can create answers; but the public has not known what questions to ask of the United Nations. For this, the press bears a heavy responsibility. Press coverage of the U.N. is, in a word, abominable. The well-disposed elements of the press—who disseminate most of the U.N. news—have, with a few exceptions, taught themselves to look on the United Nations as a place where governments go to church and where official views and spokesmen must be treated, grotesquely, with a reverence they could not possibly command in another setting. Some of the 500 permanently accredited press representatives at the U.N. have been fixtures since the beginning; others have been there for twenty years, still others for fifteen or ten. Almost like staff members, they grow old in the service, wined and dined by an officialdom that it would seem uncivil to challenge or embarrass.

If any independent investigative reporting is attempted by this press corps, it rarely sees the light of print. Dispatches on political or economic affairs might often have been written by U.N. officials themselves—the organization's ten-year silence on the Indochinese war, for example, has been scarcely discussed by an incurious press. United Nations expenditures are persistently misrepresented as a tiny fraction of the actual total, administrative expenses being given, and operational ones excluded. Highly paid officials, administering huge sums of public moneys, are portrayed almost as philanthropic volunteers disbursing private funds. Scandalous malpractice, as exemplified in the bizarre Fasla case now before the International Court of Justice—and gross mismanagement that has even become the subject of agonized reporting within the organization itself—will be ignored by the press in favor of a cliff-hanger crisis over a U.N. stamp, or human interest stories of mind-boggling banality. Criticism that does find its way into responsible journals is frequently defused with a concluding incongruity about hopes for peace.

This bedside manner, which is related to an inability to take the organization seriously and hold it to proper standards, has done immense harm to the United Nations. The public, fobbed off with camomile, dimly senses it will never be told what the United Nations is "like" and loses the interest that only truth can stimulate. The public, like the Lord, chastiseth whom it loveth: its silence is never an indication of approval but of indifference and disbelief.

The public can be primed, instead of chloroformed, and the energies expended on behalf of the present institution diverted to exposing deficiencies and urging renewal. One can discuss "solutions" to the problems of the world authority only as one may talk of facilitating the process of governing any human group: there is no conclusive order that can be set on mankind. But the true "solution" is to involve the public—to incite its wrath, raise its hopes, and capture its imagination with an infusion of truth and immediacy. Rip Van Winkle lethargy, with its self-serving fatalism, must go.

An unresponsive United Nations should be, as Dag Hammarskjöld advocated, "swept aside for a new approach." Contemporary events now suggest the outlines of new approaches in which governments will be viewed as only one of the channels through which peoples are represented. We are already living under a large measure of supranationalism, though not of any ultimately responsible kind. It is half a century since H. G. Wells foresaw that the forces of the business and scientific worlds, whose enormously magnified pressures are now deployed around the globe, would create their own motive for world order as a means of preserving, extending, and regulating their interests without the inconsequential irruptions of nationalism. While it is idle to expect this new phenomenon to submit to the jurisdiction of the present United Nations, no power group has a greater—or even a comparable—stake in realistic forms of future world government.

There is no way to neutralize the forces of multinational commerce. If their energies cannot be constructively channeled, they will quickly constitute a new despotism.

If, on the other hand, they can be disciplined by necessity and placed under restraints of reason and humanity, it is from these sources that world authority is likely to derive, initially, its powers of compulsion.

In the study of particulars, the experience of the League and the United Nations may be taken as a cautionary tale.

The most exemplary system that can be devised, however, will be meaningless unless it operates in a context of public engagement—of public debate, analysis, encouragement and, as merited, ridicule: these are the adrenalin of public institutions. I urge that we take a far less deferential tone as we press the question of our survival. □

Street People: The New Migrants

CELESTE MacLEOD

Berkeley

From Miami to Vancouver, street people are on the road. Most Americans still mistake them for hippies, unaware that the hippies are "as faded as their jeans"—they've moved on to agricultural communes, or trimmed their hair, bought some socks and slipped back into the middle class.

Colonies of street people have sprung up in every major American city and in smaller towns along their travel routes. They settle in the rundown sections of town, or near the campuses of towns like Ann Arbor or Berkeley, creating "alternative" skid rows. The term "street people" (as it is now used), originated in Berkeley in the late 1960s, to describe young people who live marginally along Telegraph Avenue. At night they sleep nearby, wherever they can find a spot—in a park or doorway, on someone's living-room floor, or when they're lucky, in a hostel for transients.

Street people are as alienated as the hippies were, but for different reasons. The hippies, who came predominantly from white-collar homes, were philosophically alienated. They turned their backs on the job market at a time when the economy seemed destined to boom perpetually, concentrating instead on Nirvana through drugs, Zen, health food and love. Money was a dirty word, though there was enough of it around. Some lived on monthly checks from worried parents; others pushed drugs, or sold orange-and-purple posters to the tourists.

When the boom ended in 1968, the hippies died out and the street people began to move in. Predominantly from blue-collar homes, they are older than the hippies, have less education, may be brown or black as well as white, and have few marketable skills. Their alienation is often akin to despair, for they have been pushed out of the mainstream of American society and see no way to get back in.

Like Thomas Wolfe, most street people feel they can't go home again. They are the new migrants. Some have been kicked out by their parents; others come from homes where the parents are alcoholics or are swamped by their own problems. Many are the eldest of large families and felt the push to become self-sufficient. They grew up in small towns that are dying, or in metropolises overflowing with experienced laborers who are out of work.

Henry Miller, associate professor of social welfare at the University of California, has been studying youth on the

move for several years. He finds street people closer in kind to the hobos and the migrants of the 1930s than to either beatniks or hippies. Says Miller:

There's a popular myth floating around that the poverty of youth is self-imposed, but the fact is, we've produced a generation of young people for whom there are no jobs. The labor market can't absorb them, so they seek other routes.

Periodically in history there have been cataclysmic events that coughed up great numbers of people and made them wander about looking for ways to survive. The plague of 1386 is a classic example, but our own depression is closer. In 1933 alone, the Southern Pacific Railroad apprehended 600,000 people riding the railroads illegally. A quarter of them were under 25. We're in the midst of another upheaval now, though we haven't acknowledged it.

Miller's preliminary studies indicate that there are now more than a million Americans under 25 on the road in this country. A few hundred thousand more are wandering across Europe and Asia, selling gewgaws to tourists outside American Express offices. Now European and Canadian street people are beginning to show up in the streets. The question of who is responsible for helping street people is a sticky one. Social agencies in every city are inundated with young transients seeking food, shelter, medical help and, above all, jobs. But budgets have been cut and there are hardly enough facilities to serve the residents. "Go home," is the frequent advice, and when traditional agencies do try to help, there is often mutual misunderstanding, for the life styles of street people and the middle-class social workers are worlds apart.

During the past six years a network of grass-roots "alternative" agencies has sprung up across this country and in Canada. Set up by organizations (often religious) or by citizens' groups who saw the need for such services, they are usually staffed by young people who have been on the street themselves or are familiar with that culture. Most popular are switchboard/crisis intervention centers—currently called "hot lines"—which plug people into services available in the community, and make referrals to appropriate agencies.

The Haight-Ashbury Switchboard in San Francisco, opened in 1967, serves as a model, its mimeographed manual of office procedures having been sent on request to more than 200 emerging switchboards. It tells how to

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handle everything from drug overdoses, psych freak-outs and potential suicides to office procedures like maintaining current job and housing files. At the Haight Switchboard, the deadliest sin is to "tell the caller you can't help her and hang up." Run entirely by volunteers—mainly former street people—the Haight Switchboard is busy day and night, receiving calls from all over San Francisco and finding crash housing in private homes for as many as eighty people a night. It has difficulty finding the \$250 a month its operation requires.

The Travelers Aid Society, long in the business of helping transients, is one "traditional" agency that has adjusted its operation to a clientele that is increasingly young and poor. Cathy Greene, casework supervisor at the San Francisco office, says well over half the young transients they see come from small towns in Middle America. Often they are afraid of "the hippies" and won't go near the Haight-Ashbury or Telegraph Avenue, but their economic predicament is similar to that of their urban counterpart.

"Young people who come to Travelers Aid are marginal in every sense," says Greene. "They have little education, maybe 8th to 10th grade, and they're underemployed, if they're employed at all. They're among the most desperate people in the nation, because they're the group for whom there's the least help."

Greene is amazed that people still think of California as an endless job market. One 19-year-old man who arrived penniless from West Virginia summed up the myth: he had heard "there's plenty of work in California, and the women is friendly." The current job situation is bleaker in San Francisco than anywhere, except maybe Seattle.

While the Berkeley-San Francisco area remains the favorite stopping place for cross-country nomads, other cities are seeing numbers of disaffected young people who stay within their own state's boundaries. Hitchhikers from surrounding towns pour into Detroit, New Orleans, Atlanta and Denver. Alternative agencies in Boston and Chicago now serve a predominantly local or regional clientele, although their doors are open to all. The most comprehensive and best-funded program in the country is Boston's Project Place. Opened in 1967 "to provide services to people whom traditional social service agencies were not reaching," Project Place worked with more than 60,000 people in the Greater Boston area last year. Its large paid staff, backed up by a core of volunteers, has helped train personnel for twenty-four new hot lines in nearby suburban areas, as well as operating a round-the-clock switchboard, a Runaway House and other services. Chicago also has a network of neighborhood hot lines.

These days, runaways (youths under 18) go to local centers when they exist; otherwise they are likely to head for the Midwest, which is becoming a haven for them. Word has gotten around that it's tough to survive on either coast if you're under age. There are currently more runaways in Iowa, Nebraska and Nevada than in California or New York. The coastal street populations are getting older.

The Streetwork Project, a resource-referral center in Berkeley, sees the gamut of street people. Recent typical cases involved finding a part-time job for an 18-year-old New Yorker who had been jailed for shoplifting an avocado from a local supermarket; lining up work for a couple en route from Los Angeles to Boston, whose possessions had been stolen from their van; and trying to find housing for a young man recently released from a mental hospital. The staff at the Streetwork Project is concerned about the rising number of mentally ill people who are on the streets, and the lack of facilities for them. The Nixon Administration has been cutting funds for mental health clinics as an "economy" move, and California is in the process of closing down its state mental hospitals, saying the mentally ill should be cared for locally.

"The community facilities these people are supposed to go into simply don't exist yet," says Jim Baumohl, 23, former director of Streetwork Project and now a doctoral student in social welfare at Berkeley. A number of the perennially unemployed who haunt alternative agencies are chronically disoriented, he says, and thus unemployable. They gravitate to Berkeley, or to San Francisco's Tenderloin, because most communities will not tolerate their bizarre behavior. Even if the cost of their room and board is covered by "Aid to the Totally Disabled," there is the problem of where they can live

and what they will do all day. Staff members in alternative agencies get "burnt out" trying to work extensively with people who need residential psychiatric care.

In a 1973 study made by Baumohl and Professor Miller at the Emergency Food Project in Berkeley, 22.3 per cent of the people eating supper there in a given week said they had been hospitalized at least once for psychiatric reasons. The percentage is actually higher, says Baumohl, because the most disturbed people were unable to fill out the questionnaire, and others may have been reticent about their pasts.

The Baumohl-Miller Street People Study is the first large-scale quantitative study of street people to be done in this country. The street people have been recognizable as a subculture since 1970, but they have been eclipsed by the media superstars who have preceded them. Journalists adored the hippies and the flower children, whose offbeat life styles made spicy copy. Middle-class readers devoured the articles, for they were reading about their own children, or at least those of the neighbors. So much was written about the flower children, so many photographs of them printed in all their psychedelic glory, that it is hard to realize their era lasted less than a year.

In the spring and summer of 1967, swarms of young people poured into San Francisco. They put flowers in their hair and held "love-ins" in parks near the Haight-Ashbury district—the sudden center of hippiedom. Then the economy began to falter, and crime and drug addiction seeped through the Haight. As the carnival atmosphere turned into a nightmare, the hippies and the flower children drifted out, disenchanted with the drab population that was encroaching on their domain. Journalists followed suit. Destitute people from lower-class homes did not make good copy.

Back then, drug addiction among the young was often attributed to suburban ennui from a surfeit of material goods and opportunities. It is a lack of them that leads street people to drugs. Preliminary findings of the Street People Study indicate that virtually everyone had tried marijuana (not considered a drug around Berkeley), 87 per cent had taken LSD at least once, and 37 per cent had used heroin; one-fifth said they had been addicted to some drug, mostly heroin or barbiturates.

The health of street people is chronically poor, and the Free Clinic, opened in 1969, is struggling to keep its medical, psychological, emergency and dental sections open. Working in a church basement, it uses trained paraprofessionals, backed up by local doctors who volunteer during the evening. The trained workers keep getting younger, says Natalie Zarchin, the administrator, as people become tired of working for \$100 a month.

Baumohl and Miller found that half of their respondents had graduated from high school, but only twenty-three out of the 305 surveyed had a college degree. One-third had never finished high school, and 7.6 per cent had less than a 9th-grade education. Eighty-six per cent were unemployed and the 14 per cent who worked had only part-time jobs, usually as gardeners, dishwashers in restaurants or domestics. A few earned a little money by selling their handicrafts. More than 25 per cent reported that they had been turned down for every job they applied for that year, including one-day jobs.

More than half of those questioned were chronic transients, with no fixed address. Hitchhiking is the most common form of travel, though "ride centers" where people leave notes or call in, are becoming more popular. One reason for the ride centers is the danger women may face if they bum rides alone. In the Street People Study, 19 per cent of the respondents were female; of these, one-third reported that they had been raped at least once. Only four notified the police. (Street people often fear police more than anyone else.) In return for room and board, some homeless women sleep with men who pick them up; it is a kind of subsistence prostitution.

The term "street people" does not describe one homogeneous group, Miller and Baumohl point out; their study reflects only a segment, those in Berkeley during March, the "off season" for transients. While their subjects were predominantly from urban areas on the East and West Coasts (35 per cent from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania or New England), street people going to Travelers Aid, as noted earlier, come from smaller inland towns. To add to the confusion, individuals in the hippie mold are still on the streets, and a substantial number of high-school and college-age tourists travel the country each summer. Both these groups blend in with the street people, because everyone wears the same uniform—long hair and faded jeans.

A lot of young children are traveling with their parents. The fifty children eating at the Food Project in the week of the study were not surveyed, but every alternative agency sees such families. One 2-year-old girl has been on the road since birth; her parents plan to wander indefinitely. A New England family with nine children was in Berkeley last summer seeking crash housing while the father looked for work.

More local switchboards following the Boston pattern can reduce the number of people who take to the road because of family or individual psychological problems, but the best possible agencies cannot find full-time jobs for street people if the jobs don't exist. In spite of a shifting economy, our country clings to the myth that every young person can become successful (i.e., rich) by working hard, living clean and persevering cheerfully. Add to that myth a national complex about hippies and you have a bad scene.

The first step to improving it is to recognize that the widespread unemployment of youth is a national problem. The next step is to do something about it. As long as the United States operates under the work ethic, whether or not there are jobs, it will have to create work for the unemployed—and that is a task for the federal government.

During the 1930s the Roosevelt administration, through the Civilian Conservation Corps and the National Youth Administration, coped with an unemployed youth problem far more serious than the present one has become—as yet. Today we have a good supply of innovative men and women who could devise programs suitable for the growing youth problem of the 1970s, given the opportunity and the funds. The missing link is an administration in Washington that is willing to help the children of the recession. □

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seems in question is whether our own minds can keep pace with his Machiavellian audacity.

For myself, my mind absorbed with only a little incredulity the disclosures that Nixon's people sent the letter which falsely attributed to Senator Muskie statements that helped defeat him in the New Hampshire primary, and hired the bearded and unwashed youths who demonstrated as McGovernites at the Republican National Convention in order to generate a reaction against the Democratic ticket. These are small enough "dirty tricks," and I'll never again doubt that they can happen in Presidential elections. Lacking evidence, however, my mind is still skeptical of the assertions made by McGovern's veterans that it was the White House which first leaked to the press the information about Tom Eagleton's history of mental illness. Even more, my mind remains unprepared to accept the hypothesis promoted in some quarters that the White House, in furtherance of Nixon's Southern strategy, saw to the elimination from the Presidential race of Alabama's Gov. George Wallace. In spite of everything it has recently learned, my mind says (as it did more than once before on the road to where we are in Watergate) that "this has got to stop somewhere," and that America is not (not yet?) the political land of Costa-Gavras' *Z*. But my mind is still stretching, and now it's wide enough to regard as not merely possible but probable that the current Spiro Agnew affair is, at least in large part, a fabrication of the White House Machiavellis.

One may start by noting that the investigation in Maryland in which Agnew became embroiled began in the federal prosecutor's office in Baltimore well over a year ago. We have no evidence that its initial target was Agnew, the former Republican Governor. In fact, his successor, present Gov. Marvin Mandel, has told friends he's convinced it was he and his Democratic administration whom the Justice Department was out to get. But Maryland, as we have learned in the course of this affair, is much like Mayor Daley's Cook County in that the payoff has long been an intrinsic part of the public contract system, and any hostile prosecutor can at almost any time find indictments to bring. That's why Mayor Daley has always been more concerned about who was elected Cook County State's Attorney than who was elected governor. What Chicago's politics suggest, if the parallel is apt, is that Agnew was always known to be vulnerable, and that it might have taken only the push of a button in Washington to start an investigation.

But let's assume that the initiative was not Nixon's and that Agnew fell only accidentally into the investigators' net. Nixon certainly learned of Agnew's implication in this complex affair long before U.S. Attorney George Beall of Baltimore delivered the now famous letter advising the Vice President that he was under official scrutiny. Nixon might even have known before the Republican National Convention of 1972.

But doesn't the fact that he chose Agnew to run with him again indicate that he did not know of the troubles? Not necessarily. Agnew was very popular a year ago, especially with the conservatives who are disaffected by Nixon's trips to Moscow and Peking. Nixon was de-

termined not to lose those conservatives to abstention or to the American Independent Party's candidate, John Schmitz, who at one point threatened to run fairly well, especially in California, which for a moment looked like a marginal state. Besides Nixon didn't just want to win; he was out to take every vote he could get. Throughout the campaign season of 1972, Agnew's legal troubles could scarcely have seemed like a deterrent to Nixon, whatever they might have said about Agnew's fitness for office. At most, they were a potential embarrassment far off in the future.

The first signs of disaffection appeared only after Nixon's reinauguration when, one by one, the duties Agnew had performed in the first term were taken away from him. The most important blow was the dissolution of the Office of Intergovernmental Relations, of which Agnew was then chairman, and the transfer of its authority to John Ehrlichman's Domestic Council. Ostensibly, this was a minor bureaucratic shuffle which the press did not bother even to report. The office, however, was important to Agnew. It was a freewheeling operation which enabled him to intercede on behalf of governors and mayors by breaking through the red tape and other organizational obstacles in the federal agencies. In doing the job conscientiously, Agnew had built up a reservoir of political debts at the local level, which presumably would one day be redeemable in delegate support at a national convention. If Nixon needed an index of Agnew's success, it lay in the succession of complaints he received about Ehrlichman and the pleas, which he ignored, to restore Agnew to the post. At the time, it was believed that Nixon had probably decided not to give Agnew a free ride to the 1976 nomination, presumably to maintain his own strength within the party and, perhaps, to dominate the nomination process himself. In retrospect, however, it seems probable that this was more than a commonplace political game, and that the total freeze on Agnew meant that trouble for Nixon was in the wind.

In his fighting speech in Los Angeles on September 29, Agnew said that, within "the cocktail circuit and rumor mills" of Washington, he had begun hearing of efforts to get him as early as last April. The timing is significant. On March 30, Judge John J. Sirica read in court James McCord's letter charging that the trial of the Watergate Seven had, in effect, been fixed by pressure from within the White House. Thus the dam, which had hitherto contained the surging waters of Watergate, suddenly collapsed. A few days later, after repeated testimony at the Senate hearings pointed to irregularities within the White House staff, Nixon withdrew Patrick Gray's nomination as FBI director. On April 15, Atty. Gen. Richard Kleindienst learned, he has said, of the magnitude of the degree to which the men closest to Nixon were involved in Watergate, and took this information to the White House. Two weeks later, Kleindienst, Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman resigned from the government. What Agnew seemed to be implying at Los Angeles was that, when the sweat began pouring from Nixon's brow, the President and his faithful retainers looked around—and saw the Vice President there, untainted and looking as satisfied as a well-fed pussycat.

Whether or not Agnew was untainted remains to be established in the course of the unprecedentedly circuitous judicial proceedings on which he has embarked. Certainly there was equivocation, intentional or not, in his statement at Los Angeles that "I have not used my office, nor abused my public trust, as county executive, as governor, or as Vice President to enrich myself at the expense of my fellow Americans." Is that meant to suggest that he might have enriched himself at the expense of others—for example, the community of building contractors of Maryland? In fact, a succession of rumors from sources around Agnew maintain that he believes he did absolutely nothing that was not well within the mores of Maryland politics and that he is genuinely shocked that anyone should want to call him to account for his conduct.

Legally, what Agnew is trying, of course, is to divert attention from the possible charges against him to the sources of the publicity that has been given these charges. Insofar as the Nixon Administration, and particularly the Justice Department, are responsible for trying to indict Agnew in the press, he is justified in complaining that procedural fairness is being denied him. But he patently overdid it in his Los Angeles speech when he stated that *The Wall Street Journal* had possession of the Justice Department's letter of notification to him hours before he received it. The *Journal* has not only denied the assertion but points out that it did not break the story of the Agnew investigation until August 7, five days after the letter was handed to Judah Best, one of his lawyers. What is significant about this facet of Agnew's strategy is that it does not address itself to the charges at all but counterattacks, striking directly at the Nixon establishment.

It scarcely matters that the ostensible target of Agnew's wrath is Henry Petersen, the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Criminal Division. Agnew asserted that, because Petersen had bungled the Watergate investigation, "he needs me to reinstate his reputation as a tough and courageous and hard-nosed prosecutor. . . . They are trying to recoup their reputation at my expense. I'm a big trophy. But I'm not going to fall down and be a victim." In excoriating Petersen, however, especially on the sensitive matter of Watergate, Agnew understood very well that he was not dealing with an autonomous official, but was looking to bigger game. Petersen reports directly to the Attorney General and the Attorney General, though he has some independent (if poorly defined) powers to prosecute, clearly does not make decisions carrying profound political implications without checking with the President. In fact, the Justice Department makes no effort to hide the fact that not only Richardson but Kleindienst before him kept Nixon up to date on the Agnew investigation. Whatever Agnew's attack on Petersen may have meant to the Republican ladies in Los Angeles, or to the nationwide audience that heard the speech on television, to the White House it meant that Agnew had proclaimed his break with the President himself.

Mr. Nixon responded to the challenge very skillfully. Since he knew he had Agnew on the run, he could be lofty, even condescending. Since he knew that Agnew could not retaliate in any significant way, he made himself

look good by being magnanimous. Knowing he had no choice, Nixon publicly sustained Agnew's avowal not to resign if indicted. But on the matter of Petersen, which was the terrain on which Agnew had chosen to wage his offensive, Nixon said, "If I did not support Mr. Petersen's handling of the investigation, he would have been removed [by] this time." Nixon said he had taken Agnew's charges up with the Attorney General and "the Attorney General



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"If You Want Me, You're Gonna Have to Come and Get Me!"

assures me that his investigation—his, the Attorney General's investigation—indicates that Mr. Petersen has handled this [Agnew's] investigation without prejudice in advance, and without, of course, engaging in what in my view is the totally inexcusable and inappropriate conduct of leaking information. . . ." Though the John Dean affair may give us reason to pause over the investigations which Nixon says he has ordered, we have no reason to doubt the message that this statement conveys. It was Nixon's salute to an old comrade whose days of usefulness were drawing to a close.

But why would a nice man like Richard Nixon want Spiro Agnew, his own creation and a loyal retainer besides, to fall into such deep trouble? I've heard it said that Nixon wouldn't, that no administration—especially one already so severely wounded—would want to add to its woes the indictment of its Vice President. But such scoffing overlooks the Machiavellian admonition that a ruler's first priority is to stay in power. To be sure, it is embarrassing for an administration to have its Vice President indicted—but Nixon has already survived the indictment or threatened indictment of Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Dean, Stans, Magruder and who knows how many others. The embarrassment of adding one more can, at most, be marginal—and, besides, what's a little embar-

rassment to a President faced with possible impeachment? It's saving the office that counts.

Already the maneuvering (assuming that's what's involved) has begun to pay dividends. The subtle charges against Nixon—involving only the abuse of the Constitution and the ravaging of the electoral process—have faded before the more comprehensible and more substantive allegations of bribery, kickbacks and graft directed against Agnew. The Ervin committee hearings reopened to disdainful notices and dismal audience ratings. The newspapers have become transfixed by the Agnew affair, and almost forgotten Nixon's Watergate dilemma. At the White House news conference of October 4, the Presidential press corps asked six of fourteen questions about Agnew, all of which Nixon answered with obvious zest. Only a single question touched on Watergate, specifically on the status of the tapes, and Nixon disposed of it with his customary clichés. Even if it was not his calculated strategy to divert national attention from Watergate to Agnew, that is precisely what has happened.

But Agnew's agonies have served to safeguard the Nixon rule even more directly. Since *The Wall Street Journal* broke the news of the investigation on August 7, all effective talk of impeachment has stopped dead on Capitol Hill. Congress—even if it had the guts to impeach—would surely not risk a trial to remove one felon from office for the purpose of turning it over to another. To be sure, there had been some idle talk of joint impeachment, or joint resignation. Some random fantasies have been conjured up along the lines of sweeping out the old, to replace it with a heady new era of good feelings. But, from the beginning, Nixon had made clear that he has no intention of bowing out gracefully, and Agnew had shown that neither did he.

If Agnew's discomfort, then, put Nixon at ease, why did the White House last month try to pressure him into resigning? Nixon, of course, has denied that he asked Agnew to go, but Gerald Warren, his press secretary, acknowledged the other day that Fred Buzhardt, the Presidential counsel, had participated in unsuccessful negotiations to have Agnew resign, presumably in return for an agreement from the Justice Department to bring reduced charges against him. Why Nixon contemplated, even briefly, the prospect of getting rid of Agnew is not completely evident as yet, but there are, nonetheless, plausible answers.

It is possible that Nixon, feeling that the worst of Watergate is over, has begun looking forward to the rest of his term, and would like to put a clean face on his Administration. Having learned that he can live quite nicely without John Mitchell and the Germans, he reasons that he can give up Agnew, on whom he was much less dependent, and start out looking fresh. But what's crucial to remember is that, with Agnew gone, Nixon will control who succeeds him. The 25th Amendment provides that Congress must confirm his choice, but Nixon is probably taking the measure of Congress correctly if he calculates that, with its mushy Democratic leadership in both Houses, it is more likely to retreat to the tired principle that the President has the right to choose his own men and confirm almost any nominee, rather than try to exact major concessions or clear decks for a fight. Current indications point to his selecting John Connally but, whether it be he or some other attractive Republican, once he was installed in office the Democratic majority would have to be not only gutsy but insane to consider an impeachment which would set up an incumbent President as its opposition in 1976. □

THE TURNKEYS

A BILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

THOMAS E. GADDIS

Portland

The American Corrections Association is the backbone of a billion-dollar business, the handling of offenders. Its members met recently for the 103rd annual time, this year in Seattle. Although that city is tucked away in a corner of the country, nearly 2,000 delegates of the 10,000-member ACA made it: wardens, guards, parole and probation officers, food providers, doctors, chaplains, psychologists, educators, social workers, recreation directors, juvenile officers, community relations people, lawyers and—around the edges of this ticketed throng

Thomas Gaddis is co-author of Killer, the murder journal of Carl Panzram, being reissued by Fawcett World Library in November. Mr. Gaddis is a Portland, Ore. psychologist and founder of Project Newgate, now operating in six U.S. prisons.

—some of the offenders upon whom this vast service structure of the middle class rests.

One offender who had done time in three prisons pointed with some irritation to the convention slogan in the fat program book: "Criminal Justice: Everyone's Responsibility."

"That," the old ex-con said, "is the mother-dude of all cop-outs." Interestingly enough, the keynote speaker said virtually the same thing. New York federal Judge Lawrence W. Pierce let the delegates know that he was "opposed to discussing safe generalities about the need for everyone to get together and support the criminal justice process." Judge Pierce told his audience that, in a nation which puts a high value on freedom and liberty, we have the longest prison sentences by a wide margin of any industrialized nation in the world. Stretches in excess of five years are rare in most European countries. In 1964 Sweden committed thirty-eight out of 11,227 convicted persons to terms exceeding four years. But

four years was the *average* sentence in the U.S. federal system in 1971. Judges committed 4,000 out of 15,550 (26 per cent) to a term exceeding five years.

"I agree with Judge Marvin Frankel's observation that we in this country send far too many people to prison for terms that are far too long," Pierce said. He recommended more six-month prison sentences as part of three-year assignments to a correctional services center in the community. He stressed that such services be used at the option of the offender, rather than by gumshoe surveillance and compulsion.

The judge also suggested that prisons get out of the rehabilitation trip, and quit the treatment posture. He was considerate to his audience and did not dwell on treatment as control. As a former prosecutor, Pierce recognized that "prison is the retributive and incapacitative underpinning necessary to sustain the enforcement of society's criminal laws. Provide a humane setting and as decent a climate as possible in prison, and carry a modest program input normally conducive to human development and well-being." Such a program would include counseling and group discussion, literacy and language training, library materials, physical exercise and recreation, work tasks and spiritual guidance. And *shorter sentences*.

The judge's keynote did not go down too well with many of his listeners. The following morning ACA's president, Martha Wheeler of the woman's penitentiary in Ohio, gave the delegates what they yearned to hear, a rousing, gut-busting, get-off-our-backs challenge. An attractive, large-framed and forceful woman, she assured her audience that the only way to reform the prisons is to change the criminal justice system. Change the laws, you legislators. Offenders, worry less about prisoners inside and help crime prevention in your communities. Probation officers, know your community resources. Citizens, understand your police. Newsmen, tell the truth. She was cheered to the echo.

After all, corrections workers were just doing their job, like everybody else. These delegates were like the thin men marching in the old Civil War parades. The survivors of corrections, marching down a road strewn with the corpses of those who were too liberal, or not shrewd enough, or too queasy-stomached, or unable to "adjust" by knuckling under to politicians, or over-innovative, or simply unlucky. One shrewd administrator who had bounced from post to post lumped the survivors under a "will to win," the victims under a "compulsion to fail." This made it as easy as Ehrlichman's explanations of Watergate.

People-keeping is a venerable business. The ACA began in 1870 with a prayerful renunciation of punishment. Its statements, since honored in the breach, are interred in penology books and for exhumations by Jessica Mitford. The ACA was originally the American Prison Association. They dropped the word prison in 1952 and embraced a wider circle of penal toilers. But "corrections" is now a tarnished word connoting prison, and another change seems imminent.

"Today, I predict, we are on the threshold of adopting a new name more descriptive of our involvement

with the total system of justice, both adult and juvenile," President Wheeler said.

The hard hat of the ACA is now a great pavilion over a congeries of enterprisers. Proposals, grants and sales are the game. The federal pipe line pours billions of dollars into innumerable jurisdictions, grantees and enjoyers of indirect benefits, the money coming down with a peculiar political and police flavor. State budgets have not been overgenerous with prisons. It must be got from Washington, and getting it has generated a new industry and grant expertise.

The result is a proliferation of upwardly mobile job holders trying industriously to pin jelly to a wall. One lady professor with no prison experience built an enterprise with federal grants totaling more than half a million dollars. The proposals centered on that intriguing question of academic educators: what are the Goals and Standards? In this case, G and S for prison staffs teaching the grade-school curriculum. Since nobody around a prison knows what G and S are or how to express them properly, the teachers need some in-service polish at field centers. These sessions became command performances for prison staffs for an entirely unrelated reason: wiser officials noted that the sessions provided fluency in grant language—a patois understood by academic evaluators in Washington equally unversed in prison work.

Grants aside, the ACA this year responded to recent events with changes in its organizational structure. The shock of Attica, the death of George Jackson, the acquittal of Angela Davis, continuing riots, sweeping judicial decisions in favor of prisoners, the Cromwellian strictures of prison reformer Tom Murton (who keeps trying to form a rump ACA) and many other forces, shook the ground under corrections. Like a dinosaur astride an earthquake fault, in 1972 it moved. The ACA constitution was changed, its purposes and objectives rewritten. Many new sectors of the penitentiary business became members. New bylaws were adopted placing minority members and even two ex-offenders (one a former bank robber), on the board of directors. The board became a group about the size of the U.S. Senate. Perhaps the dawn of change is always cosmetic. The hard-lining power resides, of course, in the executive committee, salaried administrators and staff. But even this change is remarkable in a group whose core control makes the Pentagon look like a quaking marshmallow.

Successful conventions always have a fun side. Delegates with foresight and \$7 enjoyed a fine crowded boat ride with bourbon en route, steamed clams and salmon steak on Kiana Island. The boat returned in the evening directly into full moonlight, seemingly arranged by the host committee to pour silver over the salty waters of Puget Sound. Delegates braced for earnest work at the Expo Center—three general sessions, fourteen sectional meetings and more than forty workshops. These were well attended, except for those that began at 8:00 A.M.

Typical workshop titles were "Career Education in Corrections"; "What's Happening in Correctional Li-

baries"; "Religion in Corrections"; and the usual Evaluation and Standards sessions. Best workshop title was "Handwriting on the Wall for Institutional Change"; it was sponsored by the wardens' group. A more appropriate title would have been Handwriting on the Wall for Institutional Changers.

Parole—that ulcer in every American prison—was discussed under sponsorship of the formidable Association of Paroling Authorities. Changes in due process, new contract parole efforts and inmate rights received an airing. With parole as institutionalized in this country as the oil depletion allowance, change comes hard. Workshops found themselves deep in the baffling calculus of parole decision. At the same time, on the newsstands was an article by Herman Schwartz, a liberal law professor at NYU Buffalo, who defended the Attica prisoners. The article was titled "Let's Abolish Parole," and Schwartz characterized the process as a vicious, arbitrary and antiquated method of prison release. Delegates noted with some bewilderment that the piece appeared in *Reader's Digest*.

As at most conventions, personalities met and policies were thrashed out beyond the scheduled meetings. To the warden's hospitality room, high in an adjoining hotel, came the men and women loaded with power in its most corrosive form—total sway over the entire lives of other people—prisoners and guards. While the ex-offenders and innovators batted ideas around in the workshops, the heavy power men drank and kept phoning their prisons to be sure they were still there. Among the wardens, everyone played the tough game, lest anyone think that they could be anything but hard. Privately, many wardens are disgusted with their fiefdoms since, for all their total power, they have no control over whom they get or for how long.

The featured climax of the convention was the appearance of three genuine former POWs from Vietnam,

under the title, "Psychological Aspects of Long-term Incarceration." The two lieutenants and a sergeant, Richard Stratton, Kile Berg and Dan Pitzer, sounded like any other ex-prisoners.

"There is no way you can punish me and then have me be pliable," Stratton said. "Every time you punish me you destroy your chance to change me," Pitzer said.

"If the prisoner is given a wide range of materials to read and study," said Berg, "and the prisoner chooses freely without coercion to change, then it is useful because it is genuine."

At the annual convention banquet, awards were given for merit and performance. Receiving a distinguished award was Russell G. Oswald, former New York Commissioner of Corrections; he had ordered the state trooper assault into Attica prison which resulted in the deaths of forty-three by gunfire. It was the worst confrontation of Americans by Americans since the Civil War. With a nudge from Nelson Rockefeller, Oswald had his story ghost-written into a book to counteract the ACLU's monumental Attica study. He has been taken care of by a lateral transfer in the New York system. Oswald is a survivor.

Such an award is nothing new to ACA, however. Under threat, it is a close-ranks group. Years ago the members responded to the indictment and removal of Colorado Warden Roy Best for sadism and brutality (whipping prisoners with a 6-inch-wide leather bat) by electing him president of the Wardens Association.

Down on the exhibition floor, life went on as usual. Steel, gas, learning systems, monitor television and self-serving corrections agencies. True innovations was the protein extender—a soy bean product to make less meat more meaty. Another booth was quite bare, except for a photographic screen and a note. The note said, "Sorry—the slides were stolen." □

FIRST AID FOR TRANSIT

GETTING AROUND IN ATLANTA

STEPHEN GOLDFARB

Atlanta

It has been evident for a number of years that only drastic measures will revive mass transit in American cities. From 1950 to 1972 the number of revenue passengers carried by the country's urban systems dropped from 13.8 billion to 5.3 billion per year. Unlike automobile travel, which receives hefty subsidies from all levels of government, transit systems are for the most part expected to pay their own way. With only the fare box to depend on, they have fallen into a downward spiral of higher fares and poorer service and fewer riders.

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In an attempt to break even, some transit systems have stopped Sunday and holiday services altogether, and have severely reduced service at night. Since 1954, 260 transit systems have gone out of business.

A possible solution for this nearly desperate situation is suggested by the recent experience of Atlanta, Ga. Beginning on March 1, 1972, the bus fare in Atlanta was reduced from 40¢ with 5¢ zone and transfer charges to a flat 15¢ with free transfer. This decrease in fare generated a new patronage of 14 per cent in the first month, and 27 per cent a year later. Not all of the increase can be attributed to the fare reduction, for there has also been a substantial increase in the services offered. In addition to fourteen new bus lines and extensions on sixteen others, there have been ninety-one improvements of scheduling and eighteen route revisions.

These changes have increased the number of annual vehicle miles by more than 30 per cent and required seventy-one additional busses.

This remarkable improvement in transit service was made possible by the creation of the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA) by the Georgia legislature in 1965 and the voting on a referendum in 1971 that increased the Georgia sales tax in Fulton and DeKalb Counties from 3 to 4 per cent. Two other counties in the Atlanta metropolitan area voted down the larger sales tax, and are excluded from both expanded service and the reduced fare, but the counties which did approve the increase comprise about two-thirds of the population of the metropolitan area, enough to put a slightly modified MARTA plan into operation.

The long-range goal of MARTA is the construction of 50 miles of rapid rail transit (Atlanta has none at present) and 14 miles of special connecting busways which, with future improvements in bus service, should put most people in the two participating counties close to some kind of mass transit. Of more immediate interest, however, is the fact that MARTA has been able to reverse the downward trend in ridership which has plagued most transit systems in this country. So far, the 12 per cent increase in ridership during the two daily rush hours has not made a dent in the massive automobile congestion, but optimists point out that the twice-daily traffic jam has not gotten any worse since the fare was reduced.

The 1 per cent additional sales tax is used in part to offset the deficit incurred by increased service and reduced fare, which has grown steadily from about half a million dollars in the first month to more than \$1 million a month a year later. Figures for July 1973, the latest month for which they are available, show that the total cost of transit operations was \$1,845,000, of which \$760,000 came from fares and \$1,085,000 from the sales tax. The 1 per cent sales tax, however, raised almost \$4 million in the same month. The remaining income has thus far gone to pay MARTA's third of the purchase of the old Atlanta Transit System and for 125 new air-conditioned busses (another 365 are on order), with the Urban Mass Transit System paying the other two-thirds. The capital cost of the projected rail-busway system is so great—now estimated at more than \$1.3 billion—that even with the federal government paying 80 per cent (its new matching figure), MARTA will have to issue bonds for its share.

As it now seems certain that there will be no federal funds available for the operating expenses of mass transit, a sales tax is perhaps the country's only practical recourse in the present urban transportation crisis. Neither state legislatures, dominated as they usually are by rural constituencies and highway interests, nor the financially troubled cities can be looked to as possible sources of operating funds. Although a few American cities and counties now provide some operating subsidies for mass transit from various tax sources, most of these subsidies are on a year-to-year basis and subject to stiff competition from other vital community needs. The Missouri legislature has in recent weeks levied a sales tax to bail out the near-bankrupt Bi-State Transit System in St. Louis.

It appears from Atlanta's experience of the last year that any metropolitan county in the United States, by levying a 0.5 per cent sales tax on itself, could generate enough income not only to reduce the mass transit fare to, say, 25¢, but also to improve the service substantially. Unlike Atlanta, most large cities already own their transit systems and many have some rapid rail service. With a new source of income, not tied to the whims of either city, state or national governments, a transit system could attract new riders in impressive numbers. That it makes good sense to do so is obvious from a glance at the urban transportation problems that prevail. On a passenger-mile basis, mass transit uses only a fraction of the fuel and creates only a fraction of the pollution that the automobile does. A new air-conditioned, diesel-powered bus carries from twenty to forty times as many passengers during rush hours as does the average automobile, and uses only three times as much fuel. Moreover, a properly tuned diesel engine emits far less pollution than does a gasoline-powered automobile. A beefed-up transit system also takes the steam out of plans for new highways and the widening of streets. The recent defeat of the Stone Mountain Tollway in Atlanta, for instance, was due in part to a rail transit line which is slated to be built near the right-of-way of the proposed highway.

The most obvious criticism of the approach to mass transit is the regressive nature of the sales tax. However, given the loophole-infested federal income tax, a sales tax that excludes food and prescription drugs, which is the case in many states though not in Georgia, may not be as bad as once thought. For a family with a near-poverty take-home income of \$5,000, the additional annual tax would be less than \$15. If just one member of this family used mass transit to commute to work and the fare dropped from 40¢ to 25¢, the annual savings would be \$60 (30¢ times 200 workdays).

For the middle-income family with a take-home pay of \$10,000, a good mass transit system can make the difference between owning one car or two, if one of the members can commute by bus. The annual tax burden on this family created by the 0.5 per cent increment in the sales tax would be between \$25 and \$35, a sum that would not even pay the insurance on a second automobile. Those whose incomes are large enough for the cost of transportation not to be a consideration would ultimately benefit from fewer cars on the streets and freeways and the resulting reduction in pollution.

At present, MARTA is trying to attract the more affluent away from their automobiles. Many of the new lines extend to suburban areas which previously had no transit service. (Due to the creation of two new lines, it is now possible to ride 57 miles for 15¢, changing busses once with a free transfer—which must be the best bargain around these days.) The recently purchased air-conditioned busses, adorned with MARTA's logo of three brightly colored stripes, have given the transit system a certain flair, though the ridership remains overwhelmingly lower income. Whether the middle- or upper-income groups can be attracted away from their cars remains to be seen, but they are, through their payment of the sales tax, making a contribution to mass transit in Atlanta whether they ride on it or not. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'The Best Damn Government Since Pericles'

GREECE UNDER MILITARY RULE. Edited by Richard Clogg and George Yannopoulos. Basic Books. 272 pp. \$8.95.

THE KAPETANIOS: Partisans and Civil War in Greece, 1943-1949. By Dominique Eudes. Monthly Review Press. 381 pp. \$11.50.

A PIECE OF TRUTH. By Amalia Fleming. Houghton Mifflin Co. 257 pp. \$6.95.

JOURNAL OF RESISTANCE. By Mikis Theodorakis. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 334 pp. \$8.95.

OUTSIDE THE WALLS. By Vassilis Vassilikos. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 192 pp. \$6.95.

L.S. STAVRIANOS

Greece today can be interpreted most meaningfully as a Third World country rather than as a land trailing clouds of classical glory and Byzantine grandeur. Greece is underdeveloped for the same reason as Latin America. Both emerged from moribund empires which were underdeveloped in their day—the Spanish and Portuguese Empires in the case of Latin America, the Ottoman Empire (the "Sick Man of Europe") in the case of Greece.

Not only were both born underdeveloped but they have remained so to the present day. That condition is reflected in the history of Greece since the nominal winning of independence in 1829, and also in current institutions and developments under the junta. It is worth recalling that when the Latin American states broke away from Spain in the early 19th century, the British foreign minister, George Canning, observed, "Spanish America is free and if we do not mismanage our affairs sadly she is English." Likewise when Greece about the same time cast off Turkish rule, the British minister to Athens, Sir Edmund Lyons, declared, "A Greece truly independent is an absurdity. Greece is Russian or she is English; and since she must not be Russian, it is necessary that she be English." Ever since that dictum was enunciated in 1841, Greece, like other Third World countries, has been manipu-

lated on the international chess board by the great powers. During World War II the British and the Russians resolved the dilemma of whom Greece should belong to by making it part of a Balkan-wide deal—the Churchill-Stalin bargain of October 1944 in which they agreed that Greece should be 90 per cent British in return for a 90 per cent Russian Romania, a 75 per cent Russian Bulgaria, and a 50-50 per cent Yugoslavia and Hungary.

The revealing and poignant details of how the British cashed in Stalin's IOU on Greece is presented in Eudes' *The Kapetanios*. This study by a French author is based on Greek, British and German sources as well as on interviews with Greek partisans in exile. It provides the best, though far from definitive, account in English of the evolution of the Greek resistance movement, its internal conflicts, and the activities of British agents, culminating in open military intervention and the Battle of Athens of December 1944. Particularly striking is the similarity between British policy in Greece and later American policy in Vietnam. Just as American policy makers began with Emperor Bao Dai and then installed Diem and later Generals Ky and Thieu, so the British began with George Papandreou, exploiting his visceral anti-communism and his prima donna vanity to use him as a cover to get British troops into Greece to smash the resistance forces. With the outbreak of the Battle of Athens, Papandreou's role was over and the British dug out of obscure exile the aged General Plastiras. When he in turn had outlived his usefulness the British dumped him by publishing a compromising letter from his past. Then British pounds gave out and the Americans who took over the reins continued this policy, first hand-picking Karamanlis as premier, and when the constitutional façade began to wear thin, clearing the way for the junta coup.

The Eudes book is indispensable for understanding why a country with a record of heroic resistance against the Nazis ended up with the first postwar European dictatorship headed by George Papadopoulos, a collaborator with the Nazis who, enjoying such impeccable credentials, was invited to the United States for secret service training after the war. The correspondent of *The Ob-*

server of London reports (July 1, 1973) that at the Athens headquarters of the Joint U.S. Military Aid Assistance Group, Papadopoulos is known as "the first CIA agent to become premier of a European country. . . . George gives good value because there are documents in Washington he wouldn't like let out." Equally revealing is this realistic summary of current U.S.-Greek relations by a JUSMAAG officer: "He controls the most useful piece of real estate around here, a private beach-head on the Mediterranean and the last stop for our planes before Pakistan. George may be short on charm, but we trust him. Well, we have to." A two-star general in JUSMAAG is more positive about George and his regime: "It's the best damn Government since Pericles."

The other four books in their individual ways also reflect Greece's underdeveloped state. Its meaning for human lives is devastatingly depicted by Vassilis Vassilikos, the author of *Z*. In a succession of essays, impressionistic sketches and documentary reports, this gifted stylist describes the Greece that exists beyond the Parthenon, the Hilton and the Truman statue. Tourists who are familiar only with that golden ghetto should read this book to see what lies "outside the walls." At least they should read the first essay on the "Rag-pickers" at the Athens Municipal Garbage Dump for a whiff of the stench of the "democracy" spawned by the Truman Doctrine.

On the institutional manifestations of Greek underdevelopment the Clogg-Yannopoulos book provides much useful data, though the twelve selections comprising the book are of very uneven quality. The analyses of the Greek economy by Pesmazoglu and by Yannopoulos reveal the typical symptoms of growth without development. This is not a new characteristic but it has been accentuated by the junta's complete servility to foreign corporations and to the local oligarchy. The resulting "colonization" of the Greek economy is reflected in the burgeoning business interests of the Greek-American tycoon, Tom Pappas, the self-confessed CIA conduit who was the first to praise the junta publicly in the United States and who served as co-chairman of CREEP. His plums in Greece include the prized Coca-Cola

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franchise, a monopoly of the right to buy the tomato crop of Western Greece, and a multimillion-dollar complex of chemical and steel plants, oil refineries and tanker fleets. Yannopoulos, whose two contributions are the most revealing, concludes that as a result of the junta's muzzling of trade unions and of agricultural co-ops, "industrial relations have been turned into an employer's paradise . . . [and] the Greek countryside has been turned into a middleman's paradise."

Underdevelopment is reflected also in the institutionalized culture of modern Greece—in the *gymnasia* or secondary schools which have more teachers of theology than of natural science, in the gutting of the epochal educational reforms of Andreas Papandreou that strove to introduce the 20th century into Greek schools, and in the restoration of the *Katharevousa* (purist language) which divides symbolically and practically the rulers from the ruled. One manifestation of Greek cultural underdevelopment is what the novelist George Theotakis once diagnosed as

progonoplexia, or "ancestoritis." This affliction, as Clogg shows in his analysis of junta ideology, infects the writings of Papadopoulos and his ideologues: "The April Revolution [of the junta] is the catholic effort of Hellenism to solve the problem of its rebirth." "If the Revolution succeeds, we Greeks once again will lead the world." "The star of Greece will shine during these difficult moments of mankind, to the benefit of all the inhabitants of the world. . . ."

The same pattern prevails in politics. Virtually all Greek parties have been essentially personal cliques headed by leaders who have operated as patrons for their constituents, and who in turn have looked to a foreign patron—Britain, France or Russia prior to the Truman Doctrine, and the United States today. This clientalism explains why opposition collapsed when the junta rounded up the key political chieftains. Thus, for the second time in one generation—in 1944-45 and in 1967—the masses had been aroused and mobilized by leaders promising a new order and

threatening "popular revolution" against those who dared defy the people's will. Yet in each case this proved to be the empty rhetoric of men who were unprepared, psychologically and militarily, to face up to the ultimate naked power realities. The resulting White Terror and wholesale decapitation of popular movements have produced a profound national trauma, an ideological crisis in which all leaders and programs are being challenged and reappraised. This has left the opposition—Right, Center and Left—deeply divided, while the junta continues to enjoy unfaltering American backing, with all the accompanying economic, military and diplomatic aid.

Hence the pessimism of most observers concerning the prospects for liberation from junta rule. But the student uprising of last spring suggests that this pessimism is not altogether warranted. The underground journal, *Xastertia* (*Clear Skies*) published by the Cretan students at Athens University, analyzed the spring events as follows:

These are the causes of the student uprising:

- (1) The savage competition fostered in the schools.
- (2) The subservience of the schools to the official bureaucracy.
- (3) The divorce of research and learning from their social and political milieu.

The impact of the student movement on the people is immense. It is already apparent in the solidarity of the intellectuals who comprise the most independent segment of the population. But soon the solidarity of the whole nation will shine forth in all its grandeur. . . .

As long as there are contradictions there will be agitation, regardless of the repression and regardless of the will of the government. . . .

This analysis cannot be dismissed as wishful thinking. The fact is that the "contradictions" referred to are very real in Greek society and are sharpening rapidly. Obviously the students are the most politically active element in Greece, and they have not been joined thus far by other groups. Yet it should be recalled that the urban workers traditionally have adhered to the Left, and although they are more vulnerable to repression than the students who are free from family responsibilities, nevertheless the "contradictions" are forcing the workers toward resistance. An "employer's paradise" means wages falling behind prices, a high rate of industrial accidents because of government unconcern, and appointed union officials who lack worker support. Likewise a "middleman's paradise in the

DRIVING HOME

*The wheels keep pulling
towards that sunny sideroad.
I pull them back, headed for Blue Creek.
Grasses getting thin, the rushes lean. Nothing here
the wind can use against me.*

*In the long stretch
after Cataldo takes the hill, I think about
Clarence Worth Love's annulment
till a nerve gives way.
The gradual curve unwinds
the river again. Now it is green in the placid
crook of my arm
as the paired hands of those days
I wanted to die.*

*By the Superior exit
the highway crew leaves markers
I do not trust. The diamond
watch for crossing game, for ice and rocks,
hangs a legend on my lights.
I do the same. One star is out to get me.*

*A level sound. Pastures graze the trees
around the shoulder.
On a high beam, the mare swings
her dark side to the moon.
Something turns over in the trunk.
I think
one more time
of your black luggage
on the bed. I know
it may not carry me much longer.*

Madeline DeFrees

MOVING WITH YOU

is like flying
but then everything is like flying
with you: moving
or standing still,

right now
wheeling like a crazy pony
up here on the roof
of your new apartment building

on top of all the people
lumped, laddered below us
you're wearing your clown's suit,
you're so deliciously funny
and so moving

you say any horse
worth his humanity
of course knows what it feels like
to be thrown out, dragged after—

entertaining us at a party
when you do the spastic
walk like a cripple,

fake loose leg,
dislocated jerk,
head and face lifted
above it all, it's obvious

every move Pegasus makes
with you holding the reins
you're flying, we're all flying
so high we don't notice the pain.

Patricia Goedicke

countryside" means muzzled co-ops which are either unable or unwilling to protect peasant interests against the middleman. Consumerism certainly is spreading in Greece, and some segments of the population are discovering and relishing the wonders of technology. This does not mean that they are transferring their allegiance to the junta; rather they simply ignore it.

But for how long can they continue to do so? Prices have skyrocketed during the past year and the government at this moment is vainly trying to stem panic buying and hoarding of goods and foodstuffs. The financial position of the regime is deteriorating, so it is seeking to prevent wage and salary increases. Workers are demanding pay rises of 30 to 35 per cent and are threatening to strike. Students are not daydreaming when they talk about "contradictions," and next time they take to the streets they may not be alone.

The accounts of Lady Amalia Fleming and Mikis Theodorakis provide a picture of the anti-junta movement in its early, disorganized and frustrating phase. Yet both accounts, in very different ways, are far from depressing.

Lady Fleming, arrested while trying to help a poet escape from prison, rejected a junta offer to leave the country, endured incarceration under barbarous conditions despite her delicate health, successfully avoided incriminating her friends, and even was able to philosophize about her tormentors as fellow Greeks. A heart-warming testament by an extraordinarily compassionate and courageous human being.

Equally dramatic, and more revealing of the Greek resistance, is the journal of the legendary poet and composer, Theodorakis. For five months following the junta coup he operated underground, organizing an opposition network. When finally apprehended he rejected repeated offers to join the regime, even as minister. The ensuing torture and stretches of solitary confinement did not stifle his creativity; he wrote poems, composed songs, issued manifestoes and participated in endless political disputations with his fellow prisoners. Perhaps the most revealing passages in the journal are those relating how Theo-

dorakis, the loyal Communist Party member, gradually perceived that the problem facing the resistance was not only the junta and its American backers but also its own "Big Brothers" in the Politburo—the same hidebound party functionaries responsible for the disasters of the 1940s and the 1960s.

... we will not take orders from a distance. . . . Tell those comrades that our people here are now mature. That they are demanding responsible autonomous leadership. And that above all they are demanding the final and radical liquidation of the past. . . . We intend to use our brains in a sensible and balanced way and to take upon ourselves the responsibility of deciding on everything that happens here. . . .

This is the spirit now impelling the resistance in Greece. Responding to a question by an Italian reporter, Theodorakis warned, "On one point, nobody in Europe must be in any doubt: the volcano which is called Greece will erupt and its lava will destroy a lot of your illusions." □

Just to Pass the Time Away . . .

ANTOINE BLOYE. *By Paul Nizan. Translated from the French by Edmund Stevens. Introduction by Richard Elman. Monthly Review Press. 250 pp. \$6.95.*

JAMES ATLAS

The long debates over Socialist Realism that have been a characteristic feature of literary history in the Communist countries since the 1930s have produced little in the way of literature. There is no longer much question about the negative effects this doctrine had and continues to have. Instituted at the 1934 Soviet Writers' Congress, when Andrei Zhdanov put forward the demand that literature "depict reality in its revolutionary development," it provided the rationale for a program that was to dissipate the creative impulses of Russian writers until there was nothing left of the energy that had been marshaled during the initial stages of the Revolution. Zamyatin, Mayakovsky, Aleksandr Blok and Anatol Lunacharsky, to name only those who come most readily to mind, had all participated in the cultural enterprise of Bolshevism, and their resourcefulness in establishing a rational transition between two epochs owed

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a good deal to their having belonged to the old intelligentsia. Like Trotsky, who believed in leaving writers to their own devices, these were men willing to honor what could be salvaged of the past. But once Stalin had assumed control of every aspect of Soviet life, including literary themes and purposes, the entrenched party line began to wreak the kind of damage that is documented in Nadezhda Mandelstam's *Hope Against Hope*—and has been doing so ever since.

Of course, it was not only in Russia that the implications of the Writers' Congress were felt. Just as the Communist Parties of Europe looked to Moscow to determine their political line, so Communist writers felt obligated—and were obliged—to uphold the doctrine of Socialist Realism. In France, Gide and Malraux attended the 1934 Congress (though Gide's address, urging a policy of "Communist individualism," was enough to discredit him) and, if neither ever joined the party, still their fascination with Russia reflected the temper of French literature during that epoch. Many other French writers, including at one time or another virtually all the Surrealists, became card-carrying members. But what texts exist that we can accept as being examples of Socialist Realism and genuine works of literature at the same time? Surely not Aragon's novels, or Eluard's few poems to Stalin.

Sartre, Malraux, even Gide wrote works that seized on and exploited revolutionary situations, but these are more readily assimilable to the tradition that Lukács has called "Critical Realism," differing from the definition of Socialist Realism in that the works in question observe life in society "from the outside." Now, what distinguishes Paul Nizan's *Antoine Bloyé* from the work of his fellow writers in France is the manner in which it illustrates the character of dialectical materialism "from the inside"—without sacrificing the aesthetic possibilities of realism.

Nizan, who achieved considerable prominence in France as a journalist and political activist during the decade before World War II, has not been entirely neglected here. *Aden, Arabie*, a fine polemic against colonialism, written from the vantage point of his own experience in Arabia, received attention when it was translated in 1968, and *Les Chiens de Garde* (*The Watchdogs*) has been issued in the interval. Nevertheless, while it is hard to estimate the extent of Nizan's readership in America, I suspect that he is better known as the subject of a memoir by his friend Sartre than as an author in his own right. Certainly his fiction has been less noticed than his political writings. It is a matter of real importance, then, that we have this translation of his best novel, not only because *Antoine Bloyé* is a brilliant example of modern European literature but because it can serve to refine our awareness of the life and work of a significant literary figure.

Nizan belonged to that generation of overwrought, talented intellectuals who graduated from the Ecole Normale Supérieure together, to find themselves plunged into the atmosphere of the radical 1920s, when the French Communist Party had just been founded and the possibilities awakened by the 1917 Revolution were in the air. Nizan participated in several publishing ventures, all devoted to theoretical issues in keeping with Lenin's axiom, "No revolutionary movement without a revolutionary theory." From the start, Nizan's anger was genuine, even if its object needed to be identified more precisely. In this respect, he differs from Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir and Henri Lefebvre, all of whom were later to portray him in, respectively, *The Words*, *The Prime of Life* and *Existentialism*. These memoirs vacillate between suspicion and sympathy; what their authors have most in common is the opportunity to look back on the past and write about a man who died at Dunkirk when he was 35. W.D. Redfern notes in his recent study of Nizan, *Committed Lit-*

erature in a Conspiratorial World (Princeton), that those who survived him had "a set way of seeing Nizan exclusively as a negator"; his rage against the bourgeoisie seemed to them unfocused, his invective uncontrolled. But Nizan's impulse was toward the concrete, the practical realities of capitalism in France; Sartre's claim that the proletariat was "the incarnation and vehicle of an idea" exemplified the sort of thinking he was anxious to correct. No work of Nizan's more effectively challenges that view of history than *Antoine Bloyé*.

Nizan's father had been a railroad engineer at Tours, so that Nizan knew first hand the world depicted in the novel, "a little moving world which changed its position in conformity with its own laws, along its own trajectory, with its own customs, language and virtues." And it was a world Nizan came to detest, not because it oppressed him but because he had watched it destroy his father. His own experience of the oppressive workings of capitalism is to be found in *Aden, Arabie*, but in his novel the chosen subject was a man, Antoine Bloyé, whose own father had been a mere ticket inspector and who had risen through the ranks from locomotive engineer to supervisor, depot master and eventually manager, overseer of a thousand workers. In the space of 250 pages, Nizan examined his father's entire life, from his birth in 1864 to the moment of his death in 1927. It was a life not without events, not without a coherent order; but it was not *lived*. Set against the backdrop of 19th-century France in the closing years of the Second Empire, "the turbulent era of Guizot, Lamartine

and the Prince President," through World War I and its aftermath, Nizan's novel registers the rapid industrial expansion that transformed the land—"capital seeking investments"—while "the shops of the School of Arts and Trades [ran] with the motion of well-oiled machines, turning out their human products."

This was the essence of Nizan's bitterness, the rise of alienated labor. The epigraph to *Antoine Bloyé* is a passage from *The German Ideology* of Marx and Engels calling for the abolition of "labor," or rather of that species of labor that "has lost all semblance of self-activity." Elsewhere in the chapter Nizan cites, its authors speak of "abstract individuals," and that is what Antoine Bloyé had become, a man whose work allied him to a vast productive force, but whose own being had been absorbed by the machines he served.

What makes Nizan's chronicle of a wasted life so vivid is the author's awareness of Bloyé's human possibilities. Writing from within the mind of an "ordinary" man, he was able to depict the circumstances, emotions and desires the consciousness of which is necessarily diminished in those whom labor has robbed of the ability to reflect. School, sexual adventures, marriage into a bourgeois family, the death in early childhood of a daughter, the birth of a son, promotions, vacations: these are mere events, and their qualities as lived experience lie buried beneath obligation and blind will. Nizan tells us that Antoine Bloyé wasn't "meditative," that "events rolled past without his taking

BROKEN

*My lover consoles: "The moth dies happy."
Believing the phoenix, trusting ashes
He flings past against the headlight's future flicker
And has it fall back lost and broken.*

*"Who has not, believing flame, flung bodies at the wick
Set fire to his soul and hoped to purify
To rise authentic and mind saved?
Take comfort in fresh starts for the both of us
Hear the bat of wings beat new compelling melodies
Against the night lamp's bright resistant glass
My heart sings."*

*I, too, would put my heart hot within me up into the flame
And while I flutter, muse and consume
Have fire burn my dumbness transparent.*

*Glass protects the flame, I open not my mouth
But pick up the moth with broken, buzzing wings:
A stick would stir the ashes, a glass will break
A present singing pain.*

Dan Eneman

notice." But the texture of Nizan's prose, viscous and laden with sensation, imitates the world through which Bloyé moves. While his own life is crushed, "caught like an insect in this quivering web of railway lines," the richness of the natural world surrounds him like a penumbra of unrealized hope. And that is what is most remarkable about Nizan's achievement. Despite Antoine Bloyé's docility, he sees, through the lens of Nizan's sensibility, the world's possibilities: the heaviness and indolence of Sunday, summer evenings on the waterfront, the memories of childhood whose atmosphere settled over the dinner table on visits to his parents' home.

This realm of the inward, lived moment does not appear in isolation. Nizan follows the transformation of the landscape during his father's life, "the spectacular arrival of the turbulence of the twentieth century." Just as Balzac provided exact information about law, medicine, finance or journalism, so Nizan included statistics, salaries, elaborate dissertations in the Naturalist mode about the mechanics of diesel engines. Such were the realities of that epoch, and Bloyé's failure to transcend them, or even to comprehend their nature, can be traced to his alienation from the very objects that dominated his life. Nizan's own training in Marxism and philosophy allowed him to interpret what Antoine Bloyé, who "lived in a world where the word philosophy meant laziness and cowardice," could only sense: the relation between social conditions and individual destiny.

There is a quality of unconcealed rage in this portrait, rage against the squandering of human lives, against the manipulation of men, against all those oppressive forces latent in capitalism. When Antoine Bloyé, whose career has advanced to the limits imposed on his class, is compelled to retire during World War I, having been held responsible for an error in the manufacture of munitions, he suffers a nervous breakdown. "He had nothing more to look forward to. No human struggle, no pastimes, no resources. He found nothing in his past life to help him." Nizan's was less the conventional hostility of the son toward the father than a refusal to capitulate to "the influx of nothingness" that threatened them both. He would have accepted Merleau-Ponty's evaluation of his work: that it located "a general principle of alienation" within our own dread of spiritual emptiness.

A word about this edition; the translation was first published in Russia in 1935, when Edmund Stevens, the translator, was a foreign correspondent there. Richard Elman relates in his introduc-

tion how the book came into his hands, and it is fortunate that Stevens' fine translation survived such long neglect. There are inevitable traces of awkwardness even so; Nizan's elaborate, sonorous French is difficult to translate well. Elman's introduction seems to me somewhat facile. He writes in the declarative sentences of a primer ("He was a Communist, and then an anti-Fascist," and so on). Moreover, some of his key

points show the distorting effects of this very simplicity. The suggestion that "Nizan hated his father for what he had done to himself" fails to take account of the tortured ambivalence that imbues this novel with such authority. Nizan's condemnation of what he felt was a betrayal of his father's own class was tempered with pity, an emotion capable of rendering even the intolerable more human. □

The Underemployed Alliance

SECURITY IN EUROPE. By Robert Hunter. Indiana University Press. 281 pp. \$8.95

ASHER BRYNES

Even the friends of NATO, which in its present state of near collapse ties down 300,000 U.S. servicemen and half that many of their dependents in Western Europe, cannot say more on its behalf than Robert Hunter: "(it) will be likely to be with us for some time. . . . This may not be a very optimistic forecast. But then this system of security has provided an era significant in modern European history: there has been no major war."

The Fear-of-Russians Alliance, known formally as the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, moved spasmodically some weeks ago. It assembled a nine-member conference of notables in Paris for two days. This select group was chaired by Senator Javits, the delegate from the United States. He brought the conferees news from the Nixon Administration, but the news had nothing to do with war or defense. It was about the free world's economic troubles, and they were very many.

First, the United States was minded to sponge up and freeze over the next two or three decades the 80 billion to 85 billion of Eurodollars that are still sloshing around in the money markets of Europe and in Japan. This could be done by floating successive issues of U.S. Government bonds. Of course some of them would have maturities extending into the 21st century. But once matured they would be convertible into hard or exchangeable money at an assured valuation. After that financial operation is completed our NATO allies and we and presumably Japan would be able to de-

vise a crisis-free set of rules for the exchange of our various moneys among ourselves and with the rest of the non-Communist countries.

Second, the Senator offered to negotiate a NATO-wide set of limiting rules for the management of the Atlantic nations' international trade. These "safeguards" against losses arising from each country's trading arrangements with every other could themselves be renegotiated over and over, and the effect of this would be, if you can imagine such a thing, the opening of an era of *the freest possible trade with the permission of everybody.*

Senator Javits' third point was the

"A devastating critique of the liberal, and an insightful analysis of coalition politics in America. This is New Left writing at its best and most promising."

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LEFT TURN

*Origins
of the Next
American
Revolution*

by Richard E.
Rubinstein

\$8.50 at all bookstores
Little, Brown

Asher Brynes has been a senior staff member of the Senate Foreign Policy Committee and has served also in the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture. He is the author of *We Give to Conquer* (W.W. Norton).

most interesting of all. The oil refining corporations of the NATO nations, which use increasing amounts of oil, have been forced to pay the Middle Eastern oil-producing nations more and more for their petroleum. Clearly, what has happened is that the national oil monopolies of Saudi Arabia, Libya, Iran and Iraq, Kuwait and Abu Dhabi and the rest, after forming a common front in a consortium they call OPEC, have outmonopolized the private corporations that supply oil and gas to NATO itself. Now it is likely that the Middle Easterners will successfully demand still more money for this fourth year in a row, and get revaluation credits for their losses in Western currencies to boot. Javits proposed to induce his government to offer to join other NATO governments in negotiating future price agreements directly with the oil-producing countries of the Middle East.

This is really a major problem for all nations outside the Communist world. Japan, not a NATO nation but a close ally of the United States, is almost wholly (more than 90 per cent) dependent on the Middle Eastern nations for its petroleum; the West Europeans are almost as dependent (more than 75 per cent)—but in contrast the United States draws only some 3 per cent of its oil supplies from that area. Americans depend for their foreign oil on a Caribbean country, Venezuela (about 24 per cent), but Venezuela is also a member of OPEC! In sum, we're not being burned as severely as the others, but so great is this Western world's appetite for oil that we expect to be as well roasted as they by about 1980.

Barbara Ward, the Schweitzer professor of unimperialism or foreign aid at Columbia University, used to complain that the British and other colonizing nations of Europe had looted their subject peoples of their ores and oil. True enough, but now the feudal types who manage the Middle Eastern countries, the sheikhs and the colonels and the little kings have discovered an economic policy that is more to their liking. Practitioners of an old-fashioned kind of politics, personal despotism, they have found that the keeping of power and the hoarding of money fit their style of life. So they restrict petroleum production as much as they dare. "Oil left in the ground," they say, "is like gold locked in a bank vault; the price of each is bound to go up, and it goes up all the faster the less you drain off, the one or the other."

Over the next dozen years the corporate oil industries will have to get hold of about a trillion dollars to build the new facilities the oil industries will then

require. They can raise about half that money themselves, but where is the rest going to come from? And how about the vast sums of sheikhly oil profits (they are variously estimated at \$200 billion to \$225 billion) that these feudal types will seek to invest in Western economies of a more dynamic kind, meaning principally the United States and Japan?

It is almost immoral to hoard gold and buy growth stocks at the same time; it's a sort of Arabian *chutzpah*. Still, this may be the future formula for success in the Middle East and the Western world simultaneously. Perhaps it only *sounds* mixed up.

There was a press conference after the meeting at which the Senator said plainly that he could not speak for the other nations represented. He could speak only for himself. In other words, nothing was decided.

Later that week almost 400 NATO delegates met at a "Europe-America Conference" in Amsterdam. This too featured the present currency crisis. An Englishman (Roy Jenkins, deputy leader of England's Labour Party) urged the other West Europeans to make their suggestions for a monetary reform "as acceptable as possible to the United States." Then a French columnist and professor of sociology who writes for *Le Monde*, Raymond Aron, urged the delegates the opposite way: the Americans, he said, were seeking to adjust the value of their currency at everybody else's expense.

We confront, as Mr. Hunter states in his summing up, "the diminishing importance of military questions in determining effective security in Europe." Those economic wrangles in Paris and elsewhere have the effect of shifting the defense of Western Europe into another sphere—the world of trade. "The health of the Alliance has now become dependent on the economic relations of its member countries." The next step will be a growing realization on this side of the Atlantic that a trade war between ourselves and the NATO nations would shatter the Alliance more swiftly than any conceivable reduction of American military forces in Europe.

The majority leader in the U.S. Senate, Senator Mansfield, continues to press for the reduction of those forces by at least half, and he's been hammering away at this for years. Considering the way President Nixon's influence in Congressional circles has been fading in recent weeks, Mansfield and his co-sponsors may succeed in pulling those troops out of Europe. Meanwhile, in the House many restrictive trade bills are being pushed by Congressmen with local industries to protect. If they manage to pull together, we could have a trade war within the Atlantic community that would isolate this country for years to come. Isolate it in every sense: politically, economically and militarily.

Then we'll have to think of leaning more emphatically on our new friendship with Soviet Russia in order to have one powerful friend left in this world. □

Only Proletarian in Captivity

THE DISINHERITED. By Jack Conroy. Hill and Wang. 310 pp. Paper \$2.45.

DAN LEVIN

The "proletarian novel" rose with the 1930s; it entered Valhalla, full of angry names and honors, as that era died. Yet by any strict definition the entire genre consists of one book; its author—the only truly proletarian American novelist—is alive and reasonably well in Missouri. A glance at history explains why Jack Conroy and *The Disinherited* have this importance.

In the past, literature was produced by privileged groups—priests, aristocracy, affluent middle class; with the spread of educational opportunity, the lower-middle classes began to produce writers

and new publics for writing as well. This widening process has speeded up, while the demarcations of class have been transformed or eroded, until today almost anyone can be a maker of literature.

The origins of "proletarian literature" appear midway in this process, in the 19th century, when the literature of social protest first appeared: Blake's "Is this a holy thing to see/ In a rich and fruitful land/ Babes reduc'd to misery,/ Fed with cold and usurous hand?"; Dickens' exposés of the industrial workers' hard times; Rebecca Harding Davis' indictment of the conditions described in *Life in the Iron Mills*. Social idealists honored the noble worker. Populist and Marxist theory conjured up apocalyptic images of this lowest class, dubbed "proletariat," destined to redeem the world. Just as protest and revolutionary change were the proletariat's task, so, it was argued, the literature of protest and

Dan Levin's latest book is *Spinoza: The Young Thinker Who Destroyed the Past* (Weybright & Talley).

change—and any writing about proletarian lives—should be produced by the proletarians themselves, the disinherited.

This somewhat artificial theory had a basis in common sense. People write best about what they know best. A middle-class *arriviste* can do the best novel—as Stendhal did—about a middle-class *arriviste*; an American expatriate in Paris, about such expatriates; a black, the most intense novel about blacks. By analogy, the most adequate definition of a proletarian novel is: “a novel by a proletarian (one from the lowest social group) about those like him.”

But literature about the proletariat kept coming, stubbornly, not from proletarians but from intellectuals and mavericks of the middle classes. (This is simply explained: proletarians did not have the education and leisure required to produce literature, nor the social connections that would enable them to get their works published if they could produce them.) Most so-called proletarian novels were compassionate statements, or calls to arms, on behalf of the proletariat.

By the start of our century, the hunt for genuine proletarian writers had become intense. It paralleled the hunt for genuine proletarians to lead the revolutionary struggle. That was why Maxim Gorky became such a symbol in Russia. He was a voice from the lower depths. Actually Gorky came from a family that had risen into the middle class (though it was on its way down again); he had himself been an orphaned runaway, casual laborer and wanderer of the roads—technically, a member of the *Lumpen-proletariat*. Still, because of the circumstances of his life he could fairly be said to be a spokesman for the hitherto silent disinherited, a historic example.

Aside from Gorky, the most notable European examples are O'Casey and Nexô (author of the splendid *Pelle the Conqueror*). There are few others. The usual standard, when one speaks of “proletarian novels,” is still Zola's *Germinal*—a fine work by a middle-class intellectual who had sojourned among the Alsatian miners.

The irony of a genre without true examples was even more telling in America, where class lines had always been less rigid; only during the Great Depression did it appear that the crystallization of a proletariat in classic terms was under way. In a recent anthology, *The American Writer and the Great Depression*, edited by Harvey Swados, the key selections—with one exception, the one written by Jack Conroy—are by authors like Sherwood Anderson, Erskine Caldwell, James Agee, John Steinbeck, Edmund Wilson. Protest writings, but hardly proletarian writers.

The most influential “proletarian plays” of the depression were written by Clifford Odets. He came from a poor Jewish family, but with the long Jewish tradition of education and articulateness—not typically proletarian. Odets could not be “the genuine voice of the workers”; nor could Mike Gold who would write *Jews Without Money*, nor James T. Farrell with his novels of the Catholic lower middle class.

All this makes more understandable the enthusiasm of the American Left when Jack Conroy appeared with *The Disinherited*. No writer so obviously proletarian had emerged. And—because of the course that history took—none could emerge after him.

Conroy was the son of a Missouri coal miner. His brother had died in the mines, as had his father. He wrote about the miners, not with Zola's liberal compassion but as one of them. He became, briefly, an idol; and his magazine *New Anvil* seemed a prophetic guide to a revolution's literature. But the New Deal intervened, defense industry brought jobs and siphoned off popular discontent, and the coming of World War II changed the nation's mood completely. Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*—again the compassionate novel about proletarians, written from the outside—reaped the last harvest of the depression psychology and the cult of the proletariat. By the end of the war there had been such a change that

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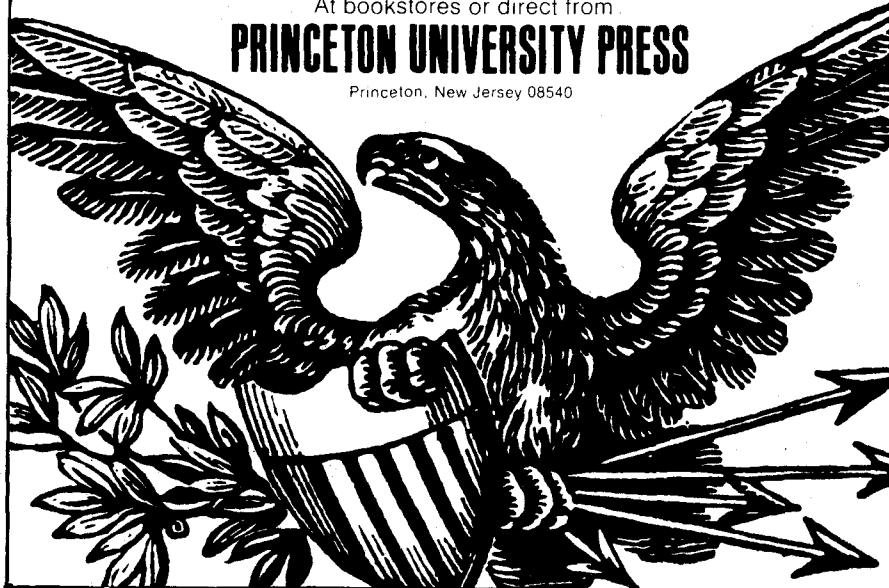
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THE PRACTICE OF LOVE

*You are the man with the pick
and shovel. You found the way
through weeds, debris and razor blades
right to the spot, to where
I lay in my own river bed.
You threw your tools away and joined
me there. You bent your creaking
bones, laughing like a maniac.*

*Demonic prince of dollars,
quite soon the generator of your smiles
went dead. I flicked an eyelash
from your tears and said, "I
am a ghost and I miss you already."
It is your fault we suffer.
Your world that lies between us
lets you laugh enough, but where are we
who scavenged ourselves from the bits
that are left?*

*We have become
granulated wounds. I was afraid too
of some dark place left to me afterwards.
Now it is here. I am our shadow, broken
in two parts. Evening has come
to bloom around them like a fire.*

Naomi Lazard

"proletarian" had become a historic term.

A man of letters, no more the proletarian, Conroy lived into the new age. He worked at editorial jobs, mainly in Chicago, reviewed books for the *Sun-Times*, was a friend to other writers and a befriender of every young talent, edited an anthology of black writing, drank hard—then stopped drinking when he had to. Finally, he returned to his home town, Moberly, Mo., near the now vanished mines and scenes of childhood. Someone—it may have been Dale Kramer—gave him a sobriquet, The Sage of Moberly. Others have since taken it up; I think Conroy likes it.

His legacy, up to this moment, is *The Disinherited*, which many consider the classic American proletarian novel. It is the only one, certainly, that meets the strict definition "by a proletarian, about those like him." As if aware of this, Jack Conroy has been stubbornly determined that the book should not die. The firm of Hill and Wang believed as he did; and so editions have continued to appear. It has lived forty years now.

I read it again recently, and discussed it with a graduate class in literature. Most—not all—agreed that it lives; for some it was a powerful literary experience. Several students pointed to its historical contribution, the depression made real. The novel is divided into three parts, each set in a different locale: first, Larry Donovan's childhood and early youth in the Monkey Nest mining camp

in Missouri; second, in Detroit, the goal of the great migration from the depression-struck Midwest; third, the wandering of the disinherited, driven out of Detroit, living in Hooverilles, taking desperate jobs, finally rising—in a symbolic act—against those who want to take people's homes away.

The first third—in the Monkey Nest camp—is the best. An America of exploited labor, stoicism and eager hayseedy life comes into focus. There is truth and artistic control (naïve, it seems to me) of the medium.

In Detroit the focus blurs. The author's lack of a coherent view of life becomes a problem. His awkward flings at political theorizing do not help. (Theory interested Conroy even less than it did Gorky.) The chief interest of this section lies in its depiction of the effect on human beings of the inhuman production line. This parallels the theme and the humor of René Clair's *A Nous la liberté* and Chaplin's *Modern Times*, and therefore is important social history, but it is far less artistic than those movies.

The last third is strong reportage. Time has not been kind to the ideology expressed in the ending—a standard ending for a proletarian novel, with the poor farmers and disinherited workers uniting in homespun heroism; but their desperate human valor survives the author's explicit ideology.

What keeps the book alive is primarily the truth to life of the first section, the world of the miners, and the virtue of honest reportage in the remainder. Whenever Conroy went beyond the bounds of his own experience the book is manifestly weak. But all in all it has survived to speak to a later age. Few novels do that.

When Conroy returned to Moberly, he felt a need to reflect on his own youth and his later experiences. An autobiography seemed the right answer—as for Gorky and O'Casey. But could he interpret that youth and the years thereafter from a later perspective?

The first real product of that return was a chapter for such an autobiography (or it could possibly be the beginning of a novel), which appeared in a recent issue of *New Letters*, the literary magazine published at Kansas University. That chapter is the story of a childhood in the Monkey Nest camp once again. It is as fresh as the first chapters of *The Disinherited*. The same story, told differently, with equal artistry—as if the intervening years never happened.

What comes next will be crucial. Conroy has to go beyond what *The Disinherited* said. The problem is made more difficult, I think, by the fact that Conroy is well aware that his book was

a historic achievement. It proved that the proletariat could produce its own chronicler. This was the proof that Gorky, too, represented. But a bitter, disillusioned Gorky, who had traveled a long road, psychologically and intellectually, wrote plays far different from his early "proletarian" dramas. They also went far beyond the outlook expressed in his autobiography, though that is still an inspiring book. Conroy's novel also remains, less rich and broad, less thoughtful, but still a literary whole, an American phenomenon, and a historical document. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The critic at a performance often discounts the tangential considerations that the event gives rise to. Seeing a play is a total experience of which the "purely" artistic may be only a partial element. That was the case for me at Royce Ryton's *Crown Matrimonial* (Helen Hayes Theatre).

The script itself can be described as an intelligent, neatly written, quite tolerable radio piece, but that would not convey what I felt about it as I sat in the theatre. To begin with, it is very nicely acted by the entire cast. Eileen Herlie as Queen Mary, widow of King George V, gives a simple, well-spoken, authoritative characterization, making her points with effortless lucidity. George Grizzard as King Edward VIII, better known as the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Windsor, is also discreetly sympathetic. Patrick Horgan as the second son of Queen Mary, King George VI, makes poignant the unfortunate man's embarrassment at the prospect of acceding to the throne. Another winning performance is given by Paddy Croft, the gentle and loyal Princess Mary. The production as a whole is decorous and clean.

It should be evident from the above that *Crown Matrimonial* deals with the contretemps which caused David Windsor to abdicate because he wished to marry the American divorcee, Wallace Simpson—an indiscretion which the British Government would not allow a king to commit. This has been the subject of several plays, a television show and a delightful Calypso song. It is for us more a romantic than a political story; even over here it made many good ladies weep and aroused a certain amount of discussion, though most of us, I presume, found it of no absorbing interest.

One of the differences between the English public and ours is that, while we have little real feeling for our history, for which reason very few "historical" plays are successful—Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, Sidney Kingsley's *The Patriots* and Dore Schary's *Sunrise at Campobello* are exceptions—the English are utterly fascinated by their past and delight to see their political figures, and more especially their royalty, portrayed on the stage. *Crown Matrimonial* is therefore a hit in London, regardless of what the reviewers may have thought of it as a play. It will be to me a matter of sociological as well as theatrical interest to learn how our theatregoing public receives it.

What held my attention as I watched the play on the most superficial level is something which the English probably take for granted. When the Queen curtsies or bows to her sons because they are *kings* and the sisters make obeisance to their brothers for the same reason before they embrace them, I am willy-nilly impressed! Such royal etiquette and show of reverence when royalty has lost nearly all its power, and to a large degree its prestige, has something remarkable about it, something more than the sheer gesture.

Despite the loss of their Empire and their spreading disillusion and discontent with their present state, internally as well as externally, the British still have an ingrained sense of form, a discipline of behavior. They mock it themselves, but they are nevertheless possessed by it. For all their misgivings and resentments, it still holds them upright and gives them stamina. Whatever

POSSESSION

*Drums have been beating all night
Against the flat of the moon*

*The eyes of the drummers swerve
And show the white in the socket*

*In the clearing below the falls
A white-gowned woman stares*

*The goddess has entered her body
She treads the ground by the pool*

*At the world's crossroad a horse
Has crashed refraction of water*

*She mounts and the blood of her womb
Runs on the horse's flank*

*The horse races up, its hooves
Strike fire from the scored rock face*

Lucas Myers

they think or feel, they still know how to act with *respect*. Their fixation on royalty, with all its "outmoded" trappings and ritualized graces, is a warrant to the English people of what they were and what they ought to be. It contains the memory of a tradition which made them a great nation. Living as we Americans do in ever more disastrous disarray, in *formlessness* of everyday action, as well as in thought, the English symbol still carries weight—with me at any rate. English "affectation" contains more than we credit.

Another incidental aspect of the play, more subjective than intrinsic, is the fact that, while I remember old New York—that is, my boyhood and youth—as if it were only yesterday, the background of *Crown Matrimonial*,

1936 to 1945, when I was already active in my profession, now seems "ancient history." In retrospect, the world does not appear to me to have changed as much from the early years of the century through to 1930 as it has from 1930 to the present. The upset or decline since 1945 has been so rapid that I now view the immediately preceding years as almost unrecognizable. Despite the depression, the time between 1931 and 1941, in view of what followed, strikes me as "the good old days."

All in all, then, *Crown Matrimonial* is a chronicle—in its acting as well as in its text—of manners, of good manners. As such I enjoyed it.

But why does the stage have to be mimed? □

THEATRE: MOSCOW

HENRY POPKIN

The two centers of Moscow's theatrical life are the Sovremennik Theatre and the Taganka, which have nothing in common but their high standards and the liberal inclinations which get them into occasional trouble with the right wing. (In Soviet context, "Left" and "Right" are terms nearly as meaningless as "north" and "south" at the poles. For my purposes, the right wing, which likes to think of itself as the left wing, is a coterie that tries to suppress heterodox opinions, suggestions of guilt in the Stalinist past, and attacks on censorship). It was the Taganka that tried to stage Solzhenitsyn's play in 1963 and was not permitted to get as far as the first night; it was the Taganka which did manage the first night of Voznesensky's satirical revue in 1970, but was compelled to close it down after two performances. A few years ago, when the Taganka's production of *Tartuffe* made vivid use of background material reflecting Molière's difficulties in getting it staged, the theatre was attacked for forgetting that censorship is good for us. Just now, when I was in Moscow, the Sovremennik was denounced by Moscow *Pravda* for permitting characters in a new play to express regret that a talented poet has been ruined for writing pacifist verses during wartime; happily, Moscow *Pravda*

is not the same as *Pravda*, and the actors did not have to start looking for new jobs.

The Sovremennik is a playwright's theatre with a realistic approach. It frequently turns up new writers and, once in a while, does a bright production of an offbeat American play. At the Taganka, on the other hand, the favorite playwrights are Brecht, Shakespeare and Molière, but the real specialty of the house is making shows out of non-dramatic texts by novelists (like Gorky), poets (like Voznesensky), and historians (like John Reed). These are shows—and *how* they are shows!—with songs, dances, balalaikas, guitars and visual effects, the like of which I have seen nowhere else and can hardly begin to describe. The Taganka's director, Yuri Lyubimov, has received more foreign invitations than he can count, but has never been permitted to take his company abroad. So far as I can tell, that is not because he stages attacks on censorship but because his techniques are so novel that they give the authorities a case of cultural vertigo. On the walls of his office are scrawled endorsements by Sir Laurence Olivier, Arthur Miller ("The theater is saved again!"), Kenneth Tynan, Sophia Loren and anyone else you might think of, down to and including me. The last time I paid a call, Jerome Robbins was sitting there, thinking up a few well-chosen words.

Henry Popkin is a professor of English at the State University of New York, Buffalo, and a regular contributor to The London Financial Times and The Christian Science Monitor.

The new play at the Sovremennik is *The Ascent of Fujiyama*, by Chingiz Aitmatov and Kaltai Mukhamejanov (both of them dramatists, from Kirghizia and Kazakstan respectively). A con-

versation piece in which old friends spend three hours talking about the past, *Fujiyama* superficially resembles *That Championship Season*, with one basic difference. Jason Miller's characters are four bastards and a witty drunk who probably would be a bastard if he were sober. Soviet characters, however, aspire. If they are not high-minded, they pretend to be, and they are almost all articulate, intelligent professional people. (The incidence of high-mindedness on the Soviet stage is, theatrically speaking, appalling. And virtually every new play deals exclusively with the problems of professional people.) In the homeland of the proletariat, the proletarian is the theatre's forgotten man—except for one new play, *Steelmakers*, a long-winded disaster at the Moscow Art, about a dedicated steelmaker who imposes impossibly high standards on his comrades but is forgiven by them. The assembled chatterboxes of *Fujiyama* discuss the talented poet one of them

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*I'm sure I haven't made this happen
A subway car full of bodies like mine
That others seem to love, sometimes;
It's the actual form of things,
More reason than that doesn't exist*

*Take one: a measuring device that extends from
a Village bar to a supermarket on Broadway to
Grant's Tomb*

*Take two: the significance of phone booths in
her dream last night,
The mood she's in when she would sell Manhattan
For a flash in the pan*

Kathleen Norris

has betrayed. This play is, beyond doubt, a political parable in the current Soviet manner, embracing two prickly subjects—heterodoxy (the poet's pacifism) and guilt (individual and collective responsibility for the poet's fate). But *Fujiyama* makes it as a play, and not just because of its good intentions. The talk holds one's interest, and a last incident beautifully puts everything in perspective. These holiday makers on a mountaintop in Central Asia have been throwing stones into the valley and have accidentally killed an old woman. The two stuffed shirts in the company will not wait for the police; the two men who remain are obviously not guilty of betraying the poet and then dodging their responsibility.

In staging *Fujiyama*, Galina Volchek has made everything as immediate as possible: the Central Asians do not look foreign but are ordinary Muscovite Russians in street clothes; the mountaintop is the bare auditorium of the Sovremennik, and the regular seating is rearranged so that the play can be done in the round. It is a stunning job.

The Sovremennik was attacked by David Rabe for turning *Sticks and Bones* into anti-American propaganda. Actually, Rabe was mistaken, as he conceded he might have been when he met the head of the Sovremennik in New York last April. The actors do the play as conscientiously as they can, and they have some brilliant moments, like the blind David's dismissing a magazine article by pretending to read it and then throwing it on the floor. But these actors cannot convey the essential superficiality that Ozzie, Harriet, David and Rick inherit from their television situation comedy origins and, in the absence of that atmosphere, the drama, in its latter stages, becomes heavier going than it should be.

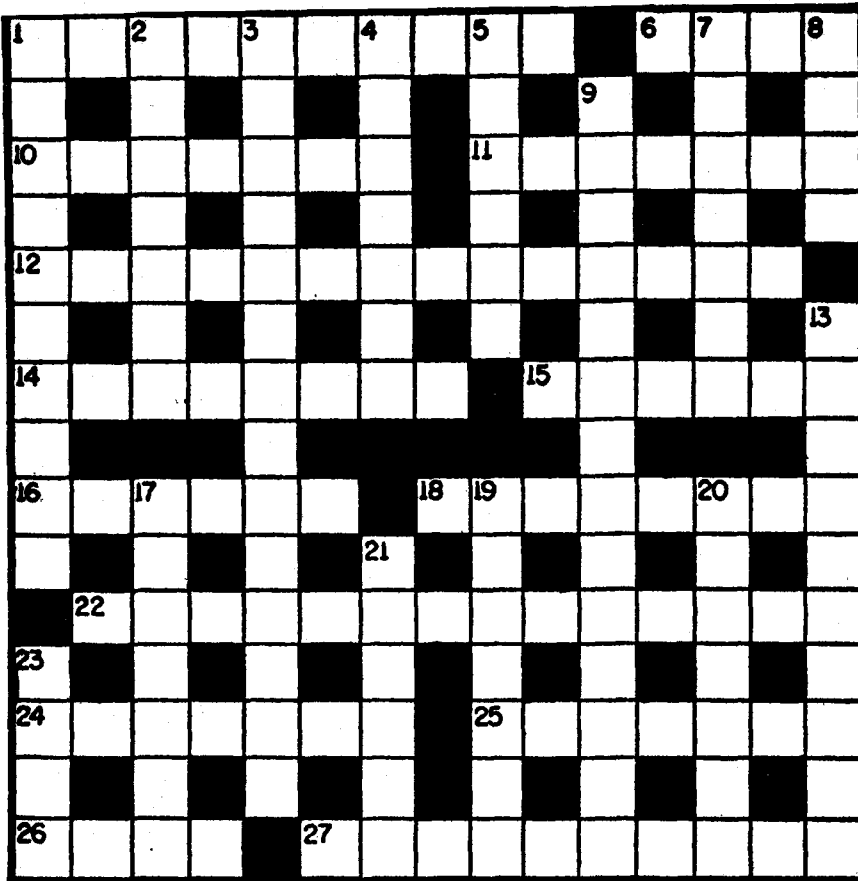
The Taganka's new production

interprets the life and poetry of Pushkin. Five actors take turns playing the poet, acting out his tragic life story, and giving a spirited reading of his poetry, but the point of this program is not poetry or personal tragedy for its own sake. The evening is political, and the main issue of Pushkin's life becomes his quarrel with the Czar and with official censorship; a surprising amount of time is given to the Decembrist revolutionaries, whose historical connection with Pushkin was brief and insubstantial. Now, without insisting that the Czar's persecution of Pushkin is intended to resemble the recent troubles of Pasternak and the present ones of Solzhenitsyn, Amalrik and others, I should note that the Taganka often attacks injustice in other societies (as in *Tartuffe*, the short-lived Voznesensky revue and Yevtushenko's *Under the Skin of the Statue of Liberty*) in such a way that its audiences are reminded of similar targets closer to home.

This show, like all the others at the Taganka, gets the full treatment from Lyubimov, with most of its visual symbolism centering on two objects which are capable of infinite variation. Essentially, they are the carriages that take Pushkin and his opponent to their fatal duel—plain black for the poet and burnished gold for his enemy. Throughout the evening, the two carriages are the show's core: the Decembrists are hanged on the black carriage, the Czar holds court in the golden one, and they have a hundred other employments. Add to this device the other effects that Lyubimov blends with characteristic skill—hymns, operatic excerpts, a chorus by candlelight, a fog with two tiny lights twinkling in it—and the ultimate danger of so much artistry is that you are so well entertained that you are likely to stop wondering whether the production as a whole has any meaning. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1508

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Club applications? (10)
- 6 What the loquacious beat back with complacency. (4)
- 10 First night gate, perhaps. (7)
- 11 A comfortable spot for a little woman to be around? (Pardon the implication!) (7)
- 12 Your car might not be first if the last need setting in such spots as the "go" corner. (8,6)
- 14 Certainly not flush, with slightly different results intended. (8)
- 15 Possibly the art is an indication of violence to come. (6)
- 16 This is certainly strange! (6)
- 18 Without traditional virtue, it's not being followed closely, by the sound of it. (8)
- 22 Orange association with purple? (7,3,4)
- 24 Put in a category such as "students"? (7)
- 25 Such a shrub should be nice for a change. (7)
- 26 Inferior-sounding aspect? (4)
- 27 They might cover the walls, though the lesser part somewhat poorly. (10)

DOWN

- 1 Rather irritated, went one after another, being variously referred to in the records. (5-5)
- 2 Did her a turn, being the sort not easily discouraged. (3-4)
- 3 Will the superior problem-solver in this? (14)

- 4 Possible genuine miss, when on the stage. (7)
- 5 Makes an attempt to seize and force files, perhaps. (6)
- 7 This should sound like a little Calliope! (7)
- 8 Dolls might be associated with such wires. (4)
- 9 Supposedly a prelude to unconfined joy. (2,4,3,5)
- 13 Balances several pieces of metal with three feet, they suggest. (10)
- 17 One way to get a little rusty, according to the stupid fellow I go out with! (7)
- 19 Shades from the sun, cane being used in the construction. (7)
- 20 Those who've used it for a bit should recognize it. (7)
- 21 Leading position, with a boy coming up to be one associated with sacking. (6)
- 23 Dirty film, sometimes associated with riffraff. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1507

ACROSS: 1 Letterheads; 9 Isle; 10 and 29 Light meter; 12 Festive;; 13 and 15 Stamp of approval; 16 Eskimo; 18 Spells; 21 Close-ups; 24 Engaged; 26 Instead; 28 and 7 Fast asleep; 31 Bridegrooms. DOWN: 2 Electoral; 3 Tel Aviv; 4 Rugs; 5 Entitle; 6 Dream; 8 Reform; 14 and 11 Black eyes; 17 Keep it mum; 19 Penman; 20 Stemmed; 22 Ontario; 23 Pretty; 25 and 30 Aftermath; 27 Stag.

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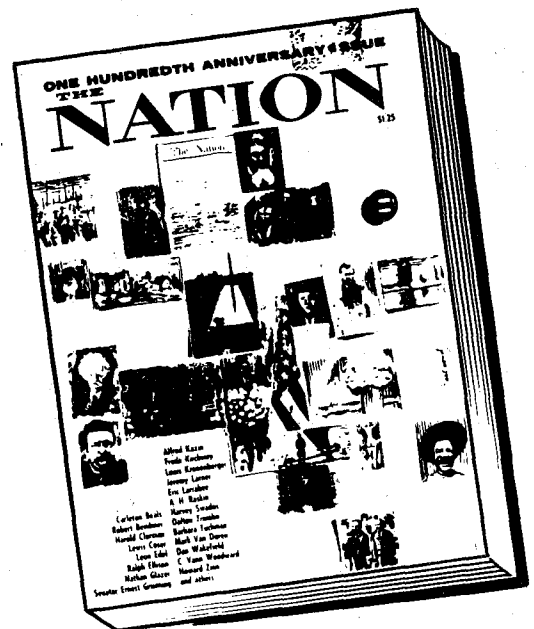
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